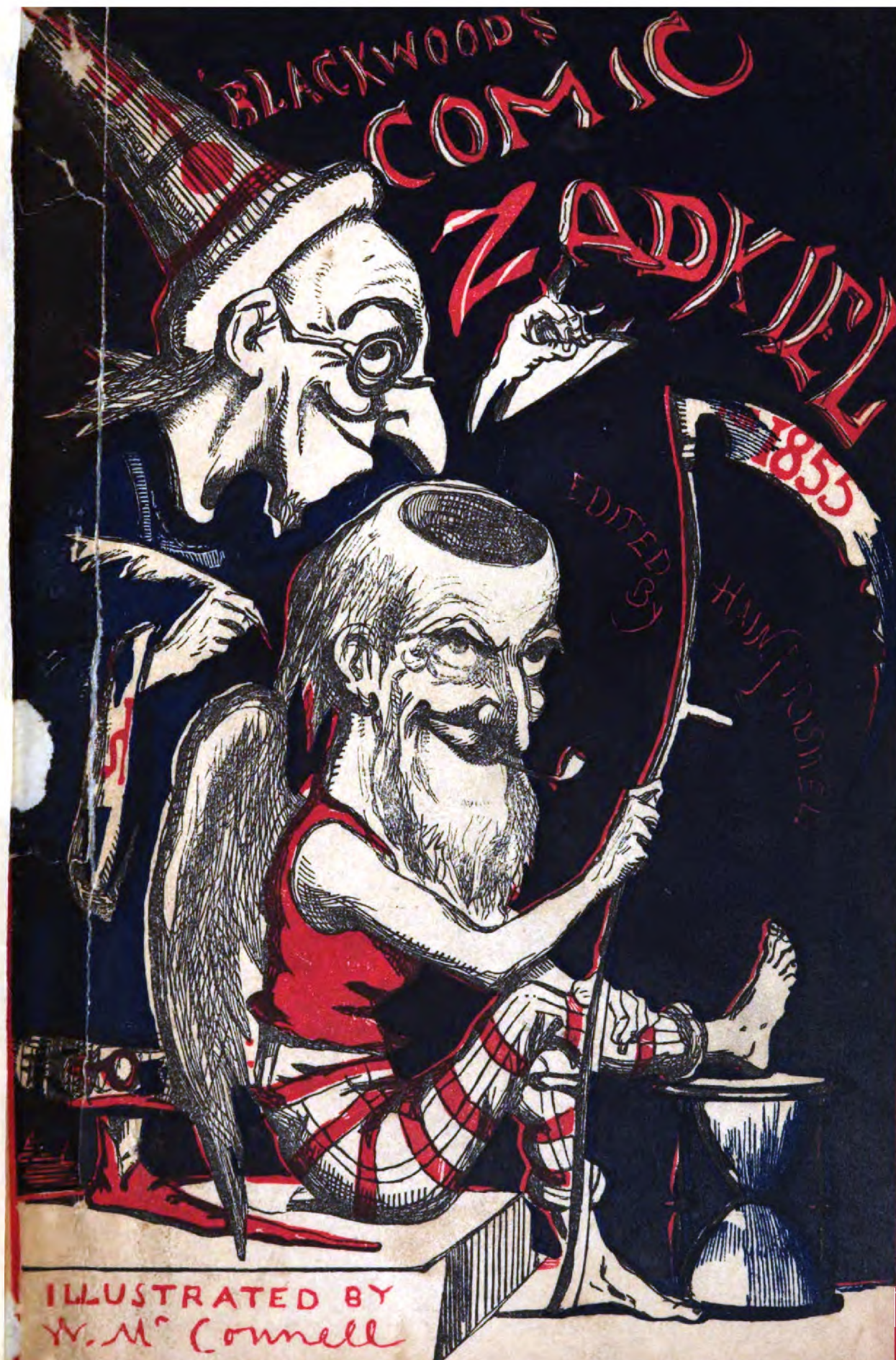


BLACKWOOD'S
COMIC

ZADKIEL

1855

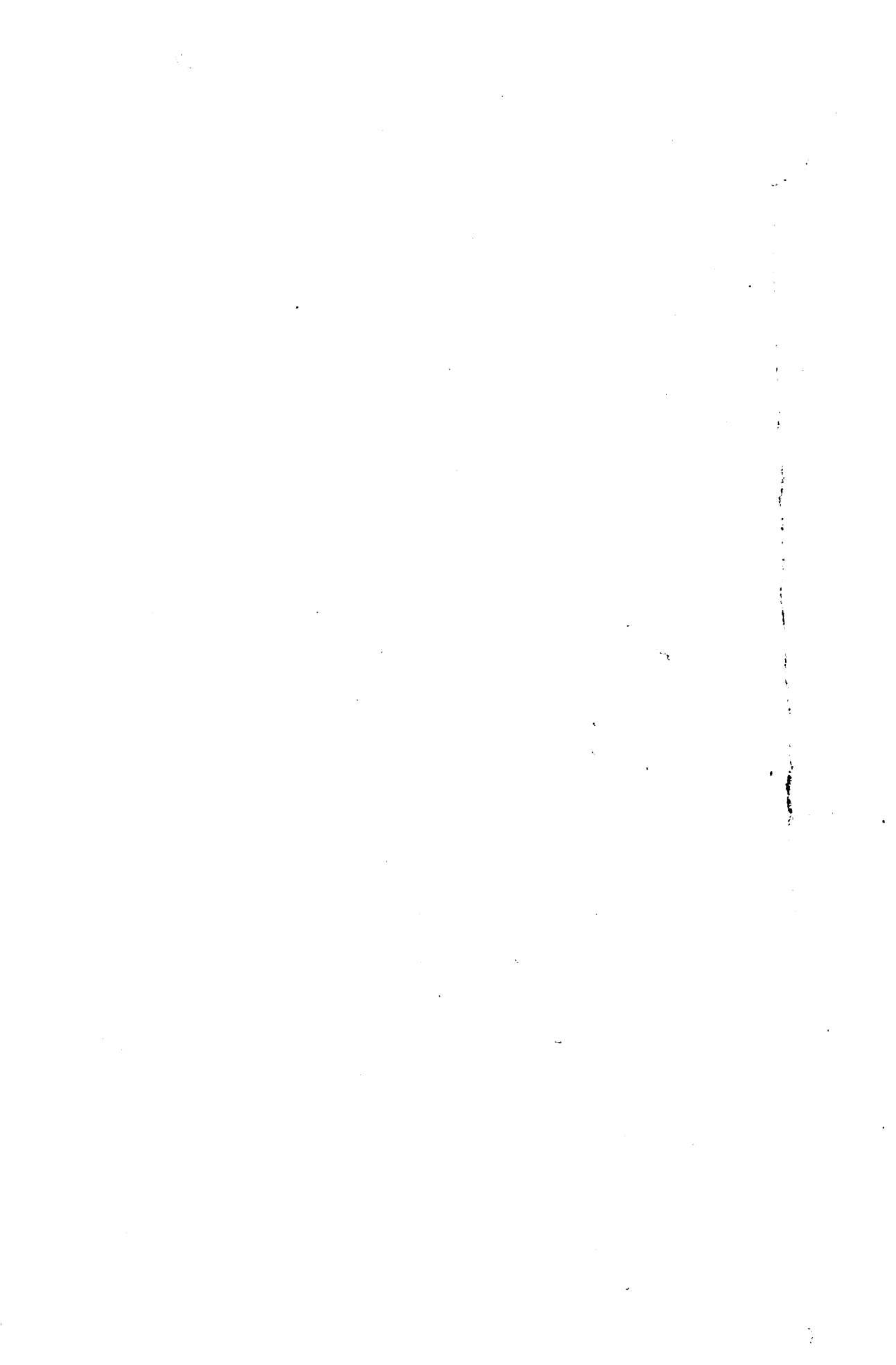
EDITED BY
HAWTHORNE



ILLUSTRATED BY
W.M. Connell

LONDON: JAMES BLACKWOOD

Original from
HARVARD UNIVERSITY



BLACKWOOD'S COMIC ZODKIEL

EDITED

BY

James

HAIN FRISWELL



ILLUSTRATED

BY

Wm. McCONNELL

Pass the Teapot Jones
and be jolly?

THE NOTED
PUMPWATER HOUSE

TRY
OUR SUPERIOR
FILTERED
WATER

GENUINE
OLD
THAMES

Licensed by the Act

Draymen as they will be

Idols the Law has set up

Water of the Innocents

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THE YEAR 1855.

Original from
HARVARD UNIVERSITY

Pass the Teapot Jones
and be jolly

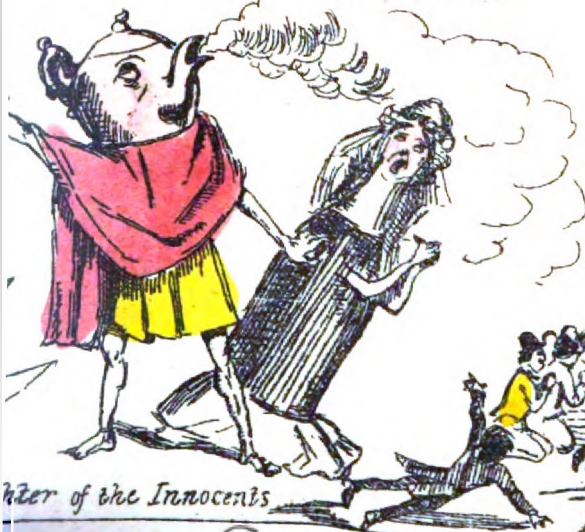
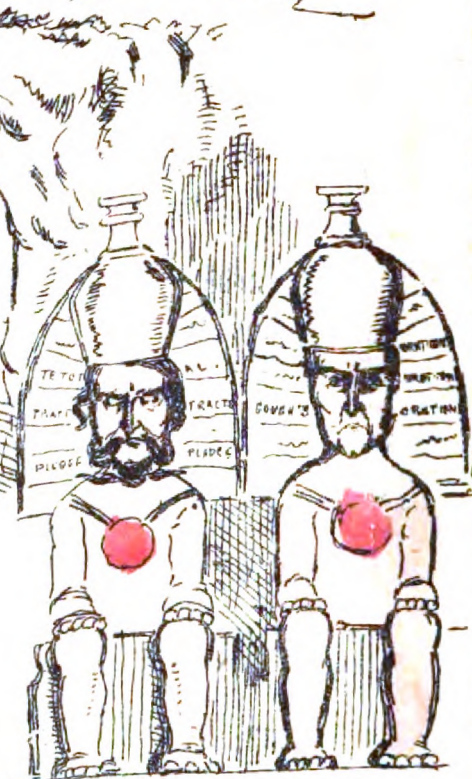


TRY
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Draymen as they will be



Water of the Innocents

Idols the Law has set up

BLACKWOOD'S
COMIC ZADKIEL;

In Almanac at once Prophetical and Profitable,
LOGICAL AND ASTROLOGICAL, QUIZZICAL AND PHYSICAL,
OMBROLOGICAL AND SYMBOLICAL,
ASTRONOMICALLY COMICAL, AND COMICALLY ASTRONOMICAL,
For the Year 1855:

A WORK DEVOTED TO ALL THE "OLOGIES" EXCEPT TAUTOLOGY,
AND CONTAINING
Full Prophecies upon Everything which Nobody wishes to know;
AND
TRUTHFULLY FORETELLING EVERY FUTURE EVENT, FROM THE WINNER OF
THE DERBY TO THE NEXT REVOLUTION IN THE WHEEL OF TIME.

EDITED BY HAIN FRISWELL,
AUTHOR OF "THE SHADOW OF ST. PAUL'S," "TWELVE INSIDES," "HOUSES WITH
THE FRONTS OFF," "THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE," ETC. ETC.;

AND
ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM McCONNELL.

FIFTEENTH THOUSAND.

London:
JAMES BLACKWOOD, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

M.DCCC.LV.

22/7, 32
8

22/7, 32
8

London :
Printed by STEWART and MURRAY,
Old Bailey.

Preface.

THE year 1854 will be principally remembered on account of two great events, the Russian war, and the publication of "Blackwood's Comic Zadkiel." Of the former, too much has been said, written, or sung; of the latter, not enough. We will therefore say our say, and seize this opportunity of doing so. "Zadkiel's Comic Almanack" belongs to the type—we don't mean to the printer—of large profits and great odds. The odds consist in the jokes, the prophets in the editor and the artist, the jokes of the latter being of so severe a character that they were cut at once by the engraver. It will afford mirth enough for everybody's Christmas, and sufficient jokes for a funny man for the whole year, there being in the almanac alone one joke a day, Sundays excepted, and Good Friday being left out, and "King Charles the Martyr" paid no attention to.

The *taxis* of the editor, who suffers under taxes himself, has been to lighten the burdens of the people: he has not therefore allowed room for gloom, nor thought it folly to be jolly, though his book is wise and not otherwise.

The "Comic Zadkiel" will give every one a sight, and a very long sight, at futurity; and whilst the editor points out what is going to happen, he will not forbear

To write of victories next year,
And castles taken yet i' the air;
Of battles fought at sea, and ships
Taken two years hence; the last eclipse.
Set Mars and Saturn for the cause,
The Moon for fundamental laws;
The Ram, the Bull, and Goat declare
The knowledge they betwixt 'em share.

Those who wish to know the movements of the fleet, at present slow enough, will therefore consult Zadkiel, who will also take up arms for the army, the sickness of which would at present lead to the belief that they are not commanded by Schamyl.

On law he will be *vigorous* enough; on the arts artful; about the Church he will be silent, there being a steep hill in its affairs preventing him from reaching the steeple.

Those who wish to know about the Court, whether Fox Court or the Court of St. James', will not be caught *out* if

they take Zadkiel *in*; and as to fashionable movements, he knows all about them, from the "movement" which Lord Cinquehole made from his creditors, to the movement which Mr. Levy made after him.

In short, instead of knowing nothing of nobody, Zadkiel will be found to contain, like a plum-pudding, something good of everything, whether about the weather, the circulating medium, or the crops; as to the latter, he is always able, by examining the *heads* of the subject, to know whether there is anything *foul* in the *hair*. Nor is he jocose only, but he has an earnest purpose at the bottom of his wit, when you get to the bottom of it, which will be found to be the endeavour to drive away from English shores, nonsense, sham, and humbug of every kind.

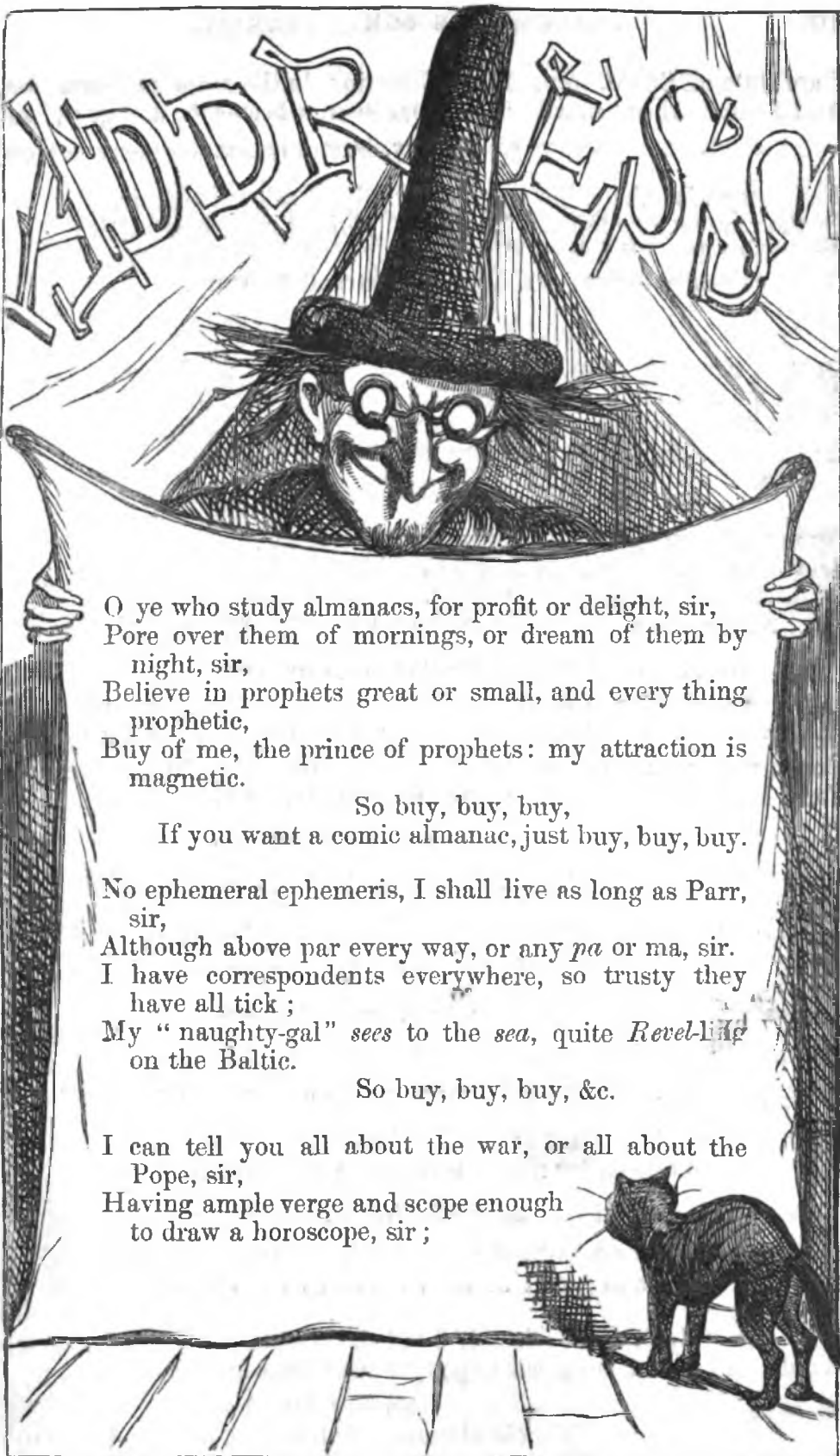
As regards the *artful* portion of the almanac, one look will suffice (if only on the surface) to convince the buyer of the book that he is not sold. He hopes the large plate is large enough, and that it is also full of good things enough to set before a king, that is, presuming a king could understand it.

Of the literary portion, Zadkiel scarcely wishes to be behind those prospectuses of small works, which assert that the first artists and best writers of the day are engaged on them; he therefore begs to say, that his artist, Mr. M'Connell, is certainly, when there is nobody before him, the very first in the day; and that his editor is the very best of all writers in England, when those better than he are gone to Boulogne.

Lastly, the reader's attention is respectfully called to the contents of the "Comic Zadkiel." The prophecies are based upon the nicest foundations, and will be found as true as most prophecies are, the horoscopes having been drawn principally by the consultation of probabilities instead of the stars; and the book, in the place of containing anything which may be expected in an almanac, will be found to have something upon—in the immortal words of its editor —

Everything which Nobody wishes to know.

With which profound remark, the depth of its profundity being perfectly inexpressible, Zadkiel leaves his little book with the kindest of all kind critics—a British Public.



O ye who study almanacs, for profit or delight, sir,
Pore over them of mornings, or dream of them by
night, sir,
Believe in prophets great or small, and every thing
prophetic,
Buy of me, the prince of prophets: my attraction is
magnetic.

So buy, buy, buy,
If you want a comic almanac, just buy, buy, buy.

No ephemeral ephemeris, I shall live as long as Parr,
sir,
Although above par every way, or any *pa* or *ma*, sir.
I have correspondents everywhere, so trusty they
have all tick ;
My "naughty-gal" *sees* to the *sea*, quite *Revel-ling*
on the Baltic.

So buy, buy, buy, &c.

I can tell you all about the war, or all about the
Pope, sir,
Having ample verge and scope enough
to draw a horoscope, sir ;

I am nuts on Spain, from Queen Christine, to the maid of Saragossa,
And I know what hat will "go" next year, a beaver or a "goss," sir.

So buy, buy, buy, &c.

I am very wise about the stars, especially Charles Kean, sir,
Of the planets also much I know, and *plain* it can be seen, sir ;
At rain or dry, I'll have a shy, nor play a trick that's scurvy,
Ombrologically logical, I shall quite outrival Murphy.

So buy, buy, buy, &c.

Of the prize-ring I can gossip, knowing all about the fancy ;
At all magic I am quite *au fait*, from *chiro* to *neuro*-mancy ;
Of Church and State I know as much as Bishop, Dean, or Proctor ;
As to physic, by my pages, every man can be a doctor.

So buy, buy, buy, &c.

By my scissors editorial, I clips out the eclipses,
And of fortunes I can tell as much as all the Norwood gipsies ;
Of Aberdeen, or Jeanie Deans, I can make a little bustle,
That shall quite astonish Gladstone, and shall frighten little Russell.

So buy, buy, buy, &c.

I'm no blackguard at the black arts ; the very witch of Endor,
Or any indoor witch that lived, though I don't wish to offend her,
Does not know the things that I do, of the future or the past, sir,
For I know as much of next year, as I do about the last, sir.

So buy, buy, buy, &c.

I won't be caught out in court news, and all who go a courtin' '
Should consult me, if an issue quite successful they'd have brought in ;
Of law !—I know *enough* of law—of actions rude or civil ;
As to barristers, I'd make 'em steer to their patron saint the ——

So buy, buy, buy, &c.

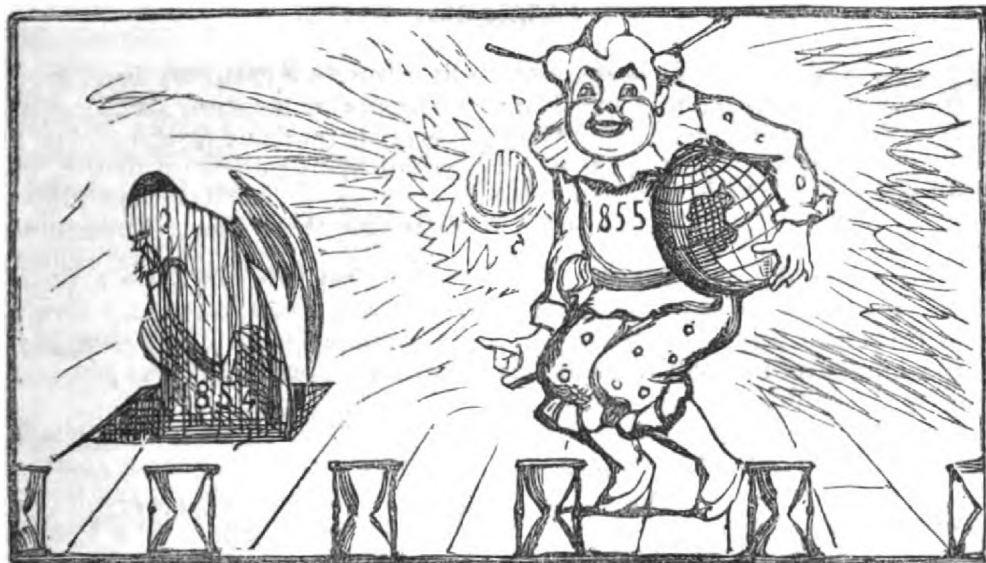
Besides all this, I know no how to tell you all I know, sir ;
I would have you look within my book, just to see the light I'll
throw, sir,
Upon each subject, great or small, I know the future of it,
For my prophetic editor makes a living by the profits.

So buy, buy, buy, &c.

So now good by, and by-the-by, just buy my book ; by jingo
You will find young Zad as cute a lad as e'er spoke the unknown
lingo ;
Why, the "Sybil" (not Disraeli's, but the Pythoness Cumæan)
Would find it odd, from her tripod, to see things as I see 'em.

So buy, buy, buy,
'Tis *the* almanac of almanacs, so buy, buy, buy.

January.



THE PANTOMIME OF 1855 BEGINS.

- | | | |
|----|----|---|
| 1 | M | Here begins the year. Hear! hear! |
| 2 | Tu | Sun rises 8 h. 8 m. Too late for breakfast. |
| 3 | W | Pye Smith d. Being overdone. |
| 4 | Th | Sir Joseph Banks b. 1743. No relation to "Stunning Joe." |
| 5 | F | Consols due at home. Consols do abroad. |
| 6 | S | <i>Twelfth Day.</i> Walker! only the 6th. |
| 7 | S | 1ST SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY. |
| 8 | M | Fire insurance due. Do the office if possible. |
| 9 | Tu | Battle of New Orleans, 1815. A box of French plums. |
| 10 | W | <i>Plough Monday.</i> Celebrated by rakes at Harrow, while on drill. |
| 11 | Th | Royal Exchange burnt 1838. Brokers in a stew over the ashes. |
| 12 | F | Duke of Newcastle d. 1851. What of that? |
| 13 | S | Length of night according to the time you go to bed. |
| 14 | S | 2ND SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY. |
| 15 | M | Aiken, poet, b. Not akin to Payne, yet always aching. |
| 16 | Tu | Battle of Corunna, 1809. Scarlet runners, more's the pity. |
| 17 | W | Benj. Franklin b. 1706. Prevented the lightning misconducting itself. |
| 18 | Th | St. Nojoke. The man who never made a pun. |
| 19 | F | James Watt, what was an ingenious fellow, much esteemed. |
| 20 | S | First English Parliament, 1269. Bribery commences. |
| 21 | S | 3RD SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY. [rashers. |
| 22 | M | Ld. Bacon b. A subject for ambitious punsters and rash jokes on |
| 23 | Tu | William Pitt d. 1809. Much pitied. |
| 24 | W | Long Parl. dissolved, 1679. Cromwell stops Mr. Speaker's jaws. |
| 25 | Th | Burns b. 1759. The Ayrshire ploughman first inhales the air. |
| 26 | F | Raikes estab. Sunday-schools, 1784. How much we hoe rakes! |
| 27 | S | Don Giovanni b. To compose Mozart (1756). |
| 28 | S | 4TH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY. |
| 29 | M | Henry VIII. d. 1547. After his father, though he did not survive Parr. |
| 30 | Tu | "Lost a head near Whitehall, apply to Carolus Rex." Vide <i>Times</i> . |
| 31 | W | <i>Hilary Term</i> ends, all awry at Cambridge. |

HINTS FOR THE MONTH.

JANUARY.

TO FAST YOUNG MEN.—Resolve with the New Year to turn over a new leaf, and leave off your old ways. Discard pipes, beer, tobacco, and late hours, and think of settling steady in life, and looking out for some creditable means of gaining a livelihood, and one more decent than drinking in night houses, smoking clay pipes in the day time abroad, singing in the streets at night, and assaulting the police. Towards the middle of the first week of trying to carry out these good resolutions, call on a friend at chambers where you are sure there will be a little “kick up,” just to show yourself that you are entirely cured. Enter into the entertainments with spirit; find that a quiet life is horribly slow; and postpone further reformation until the summer, when you can go into the country to your aunt's.

TO PASTRYCOOKS.—Cover stale 'buns with plaster of Paris and chalk figures coloured highly, which sell for Twelfth Cakes, at a price regulated by the appearance of your customer and the amount of poison you think his constitution will stand. Fat plethoric youths should be tenderly dealt with. Lanky boys may stand a great deal.

TO EVENING PARTY-GOERS.—Rub up old puns, riddles, and jokes—practical and otherwise. Learn to conjure with cards, and be sure to lose no opportunity of showing off some one of your accomplishments. Talk loudly and laugh immoderately at your own wit (?) If at a party where they give suppers, decry the sandwiches and negus of the Skimpingses. If, on the contrary, you only get negus and sandwiches, complain of being obliged to make yourself unwell by taking a hearty supper at the Blitheroses.

PERSONAL DIARY OF MR. SEPTIMUS IVINS,

(Commonly called the “Seventh 'Ivins,”)

A GENTLEMAN WHO STUDIED THE STARS.

Jan. 1, 1854.—Mr. Septimus, a gentleman of nervous affections, and great excitability, begins to think that there is something in “judicious” astrology. He consults a great authority thereon, by writing to Mr. Raphael, 3, Trigon-terrace, Clapham, and sending him the hour, date, &c. of his birth.

2nd. Mr. Raphael receives, per post, the letter of Septimus Ivins, and reads it. As he knows only the jargon of his art, the sage concludes that Septimus must be of the seventh house, and he casts, with the assistance of Johnson's Dictionary, Mr. Ivins' horoscope accordingly.

4th. Mr. Ivins receives a letter from the sage, wherein he is informed of “benefic and malefic influences,” trines, sines,

squares, radices, horary figures, symbols, and a great many other things, which serve to place Mr. Ivins in a complete fog.

5th. Mr. Ivins is in a still denser fog. He goes to sleep on his letter.

6th and 7th. The fog about Mr. Septimus Ivins' brain increases in density. He does not know what's what. He determines to take advice thereon.

9th and 10th. He consults his bosom friend, Mr. Muddlenut, who is thrown into convulsions at the very sight of the letter. What can Raphael mean by

© ♀ ☽ ♀ ♀

11th. Having discussed several glasses of mulled port, which, by the way, does not enlighten them, they agree to send Raphael a double fee, to write an explanation of his first letter.

12th. Raphael is agreeably visited by the postman. He is not surprised, as half of his clients do the same.

13th. He, therefore, writes a letter about four times as incomprehensible as his first, but he leaves out his astrological signs, and promises the acquisition of a large fortune to Septimus.

15th. Septimus, on receipt of the letter, carries it in triumph to Mr. Muddlenut. They both exult over the letter. Mr. Muddlenut being the best reader of the two, and being enjoined to read it, proceeds thus:—

“First you see, Ivins, that there's a lot of scrawling things, and rings, and spiders, crosses, and figures, about which I knows no more than a bull: then follows—

“‘The above are the planetary positions at the time of the querent's birth. The Moon applying to the quartile of Mars, is indicative of serious troubles; but as Mars soon after squares with Venus, his experiences in matrimony will be wonderfully successful; Mercury entering the 4th house at the time of junction, shows also that the lady of his heart's affections will be very rich through trade.

“‘The Moon in conjunction with Venus, endows the native with great taste, great talent, and highly sensitive feelings. [*Mr. Septimus really begins to think the astrologer quite right.*] The trine of Mars to the ascending degree, shows an heroic mind and an invincible courage. [*Septimus is quite sure that the astrologer is no humbug.*] The conjunction of Venus, the Moon and Mars being in trine to the ascendant, shows that the native' (That's you, Sep., my boy,) 'is keen and

caustic, gifted with overflowing wit, quick thought, a daring mind, extraordinary energy, and super-eminent benevolence. [*Septimus has not a shadow of a doubt but that Raphael is a prophet.*] The native will be an especial and peculiar favourite with the fair sex, amongst whom his taste, elegance, and polite accomplishments, will enslave many. The benefic orbs will always throughout the life of the querent' (You haven't got no queer aunt have you, Sep.?) 'always overcome the malefic. The mundane position of Saturn denotes some crosses; five planets being cadent in the ninth, in the moveable sign of Aries, shows that the querent will travel, and the satellitume of planets in the metempsychosis of radical exaltation, together with Hyles, or giver of life, the sun being posited in the eastern angle of Uranus, proclaims that the native' (That's yourself, Sep.) 'will be renowned all over the world.

(Signed) " ' RAPHAEL.' "

After reading the above, Mr. Septimus gives up his whole credence to Raphael, but Mr. Muddlenut thinks it a great deal too good to be true.

16th. Septimus, who could not sleep a wink for thinking of his horoscope, determines to patronise Raphael, and buys the "Prophetic Messenger," being determined to consult it on all occasions.

19th. After much study, he hits upon a method of action, by constant reference to the "Table of Celestial Influences," wherein he will find, says Raphael, useful hints applying to all persons born on certain days in any year.

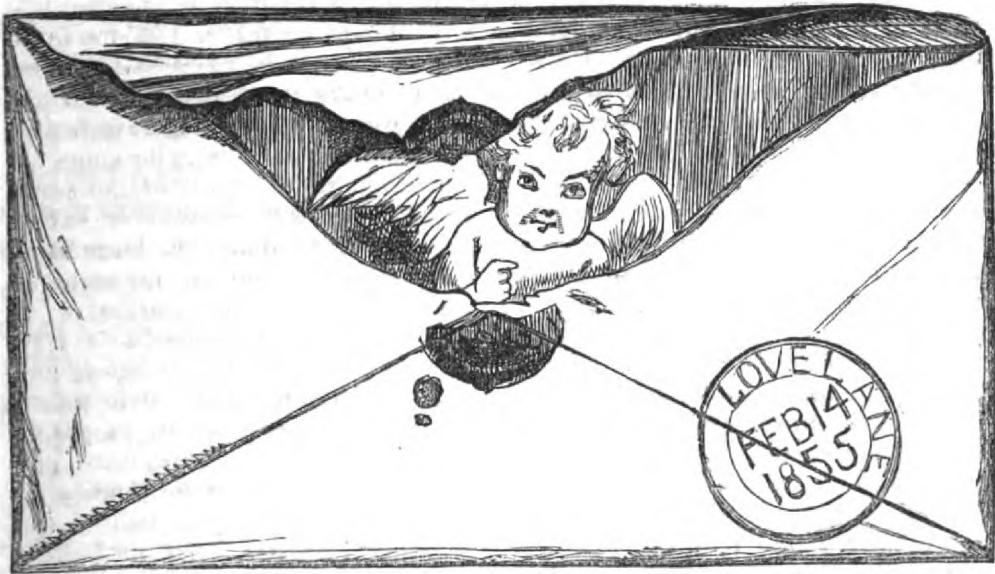
" Then, with an anxious eye their rays we scan,
And thence we learn what they presage to man."

20th. Septimus begins his consultations. Raphael tells him to engage in no matters of importance. He therefore refuses an invitation, and stays at home.

25th. About to meet Miss Tallmast, the shipbroker's daughter, in a pic-nic: he again consults his Raphael, who says "Sue not the fair, and perform no surgical operation." He declines going on a pleasant party, and endures the toothache, in consequence.

30th. "The aspects," says the book, "are very dubious." Septimus finds them so. Miss Tallmast, he hears, has been flirting with some very agreeable fellow at the "pic-nic," being piqued at his absence; and his tooth gets so bad, that he suffers in health.

February.



PATENT ENVELOPE FOR THE 14TH.

1	Th	Salmon fishing. Anglers in New River should look out.
2	F	Great Temperance Meeting. Many pumps spout.
3	S	Blasius. Who? Blazes—patron of Fire Insurances.
4	S	SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY.
5	M	Sir R. Peel b. 1788. Landed interest has bad dreams.
6	Tu	Now concoct Valentines. "Cupid" rhymes to "stupid."
7	W	Dickens b. 1812. Author of Shakspeare's "Household Words."
8	Th	Shortest day known, being half a quarter day.
9	F	Send Valentines, so that insulting ones may be taken in.
10	S	Queen Victoria m. 1840. German <i>prints</i> imported.
11	S	SEXUAGESIMA SUNDAY.
12	M	Swammedam b. 1637. Swam a dam? what dam? and what for?
13	Tu	Postmen allowed extra beer on account of to-morrow's work.
14	W	Valentine's Day. Immense loads in the P. O.
15	Th	Galileo imprisoned because he said to the earth "move on."
16	F	Cambridge Term divides. Well. What?
17	S	Whittington Club f. 1847. For the beaus and belles of Bow Bells.
18	S	QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY.
19	M	Cumberland dram. b. 1732. Heavy, through Cumberland <i>lead</i> .
20	Tu	Voltaire born: he seldom spoke truly, but when he wrote he was <i>Candide</i> .
21	W	Russell ministry resign, 1851. Public servants want places.
22	Th	Sir Joshua Reynolds d. 1792. His last piece goes off the easel.
23	F	Joanna Baillie d. 1851. Wrote the song of "Jolly Nose."
24	S	Revolution in Paris 1848. No joke!
25	S	1 SUNDAY IN LENT.
26	M	Jack Sheppard pub. 1838. Immense increase of rogues 1849.
27	Tu	Dr. Dodd convicted 1777. He enjoys his "Prison Thoughts."
28	W	Corn Laws expired 1849. British farmer goes into mourning.

HINTS FOR THE MONTH.

FEBRUARY.

TO MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT.—Prepare to go through your sessional duties. Entirely forget to remember any of the promises you made to your constituents. Conciliate the ministry as much as possible, and endeavour to get Government berths for your relations and friends. If asked out to dinner on the evening of some important debate, never mind the House, accept the invitation: you can pair with any one who votes for ministers. Always take the chair at a public dinner when asked, get some one to write your speeches for you, speak them with hesitation varied with occasional warmth, and they will pass for being made on the spur of the moment. Always bear in mind that serving yourself is quite as beneficial as serving your country, and a great deal more remunerative.

TO BYRONIC "SPOONS."—The 14th of this month is Valentine's Day, therefore lay in a good stock of lace-bordered paper, pink envelopes, and pictures of naughty, rude, naked little boys, roasting hearts over a fire-place, with a church-spire in the background. Write verses to young ladies on the paper about hearts, darts, carts, and marts; love, dove, and prove, and such like. Direct, stamp, and post, taking care to quote your own verses—than which nothing will be worse—when you behold the young lady, that she may know you sent the Valentine. Do not believe it when people tell you it is a holiday at the Post-office on Valentine's Day.

THE "SICK" MAN.

Adapted from Martial to the present times.

When Turkey ailed, grave Nicholas did come,
With finger icy tipped, and gelid thumb;
Feeling his pulse, he wished to purge and bleed;
At first he ailed—but then was sick indeed.

Why is a man's chin on a frosty day like a lady's tippet?—Because it's a *chin-chilly*.

CURSES NOT LOUD, BUT DEEP.—The execrations poured upon the Emperor of Russia must be the deepest in the world, for were they set on end at Warsaw they would stretch from *Pole* to *Pole*.

QUITE TRUE.—Poetry, say some of the magazines, is quite a drug. If we judge by their own specimens, they are quite right, as they very sufficiently *physic* us.

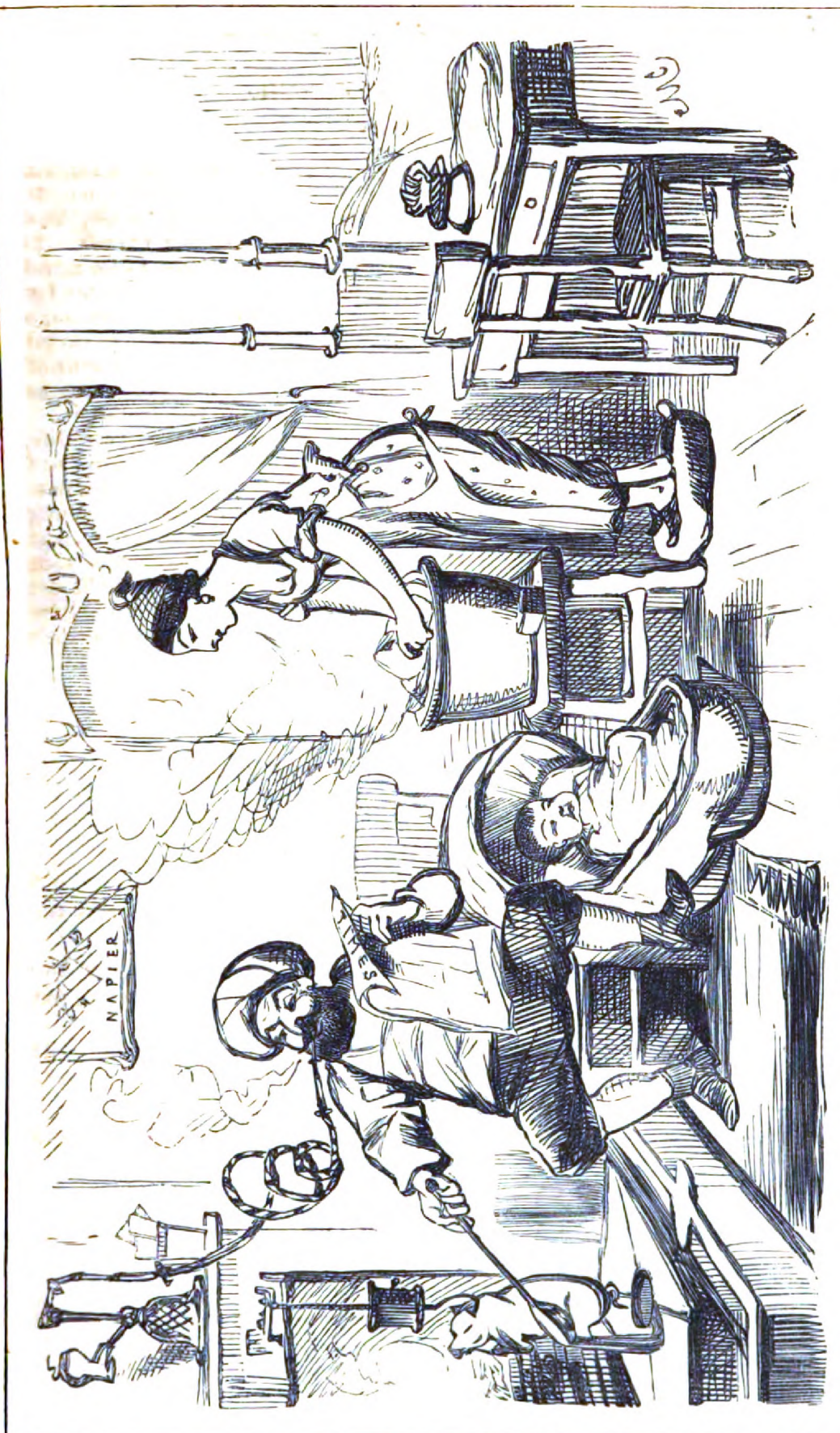
When a literary man gets a place, and leaves off writing, does he do so on account of his *pen-shun*?

THE REAL SCOTTISH GRIEVANCE.—The Prime Minister, Aberdeen.

WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE

Between a notion of comfort and a sea of troubles?
Between a vesta light and a light vest, or a vested right?

Why is painting from nature like the measles?—Because it's sketching ('ketching).



THE FUTURE OF TURKEY.

PERSONAL DIARY OF MR. SEPTIMUS IVINS.

FEBRUARY.

1st. "No aspects." Septimus is in great doubt.

2nd. "A strange, uncertain day; defer events of magnitude." Septimus, who wishes to buy a new pair of boots, declines doing so.

6th. The intervening days being "void of aspects," or else "conflicting," &c., he finds this is favourable for surgical operations. He goes to the dentist, but puzzles that person so much, that in his confusion he pulls out the wrong tooth.

7th. "Good for business; signing documents, &c." Trusting in this, Septimus puts his name to Dooem's bill.

10th. "Marry:" so says the P. M. Mr. Septimus only wishes he could, but Miss Tallmast is very sensibly offended.

11th. "Evil for business." Mr. Septimus, therefore, neglects going into the city; a bill which becomes due is dishonoured in consequence.

13th. He is served with a notice of action for the amount of the bill.

14th. "Delay matters of importance." Mr. Ivins defers entering an appearance.

17th. "Evil for money matters." Mr. Septimus finds Raphael quite true; judgment goes by default.

21st. "Be not led into snares by the allurements of woman." He is arrested by a bailiff disguised as a charwoman.

22nd. "Favourable for removals;" is taken from a spunging house to the Queen's Bench.

26th. "Generally fortunate." He gives the amount of debt and costs to a friend to obtain his liberty. Friend, instead of making him free, makes free with the money.

 THE FUTURE OF TURKEY.

ZADKIEL, profiting by a happy moment for momentous prophecy, looks into the seeds of time, and is, in thought, transported over the seas, and sees the future of Turkey; he therefore seizes the opportunity to make it known ere his prescient power ceases for a time.

Not caring a rush for Russia, who is no longer a rusher into his principalities, the Turk, kicking the bucket of his former life, fully enters into the pale of civilization by adopting

B

the manners and habits of his allies, of whom he does not believe all the lies that have been told him. He does not attempt to save his bacon by abstaining from pig; nor does he object to leave off whining, but judiciously raises his spirits with a little, yet he does not drink hard so as to become a drunkard. No harem-scarem life he leads: he is not wedded to Polygamy in wedding; one Polly alone is Mrs. Turkey, a tender fair who accepts the fair tender of her husband's hand, and who tends the household duties while the spouse at one time reads the *Times*, and at the other, soothes the infant in faint song to slumber. By hook or by crook he contrives to get his hookah; and though fond of "bacca," he is no backer out of his engagements, which never end in smoke. Every month is with him a March of intellect—and long May it continue so. He is no more subject to banter upon his turban, for with all festination he adopts the fez, or hat festucous. Loved in Europe, and respected in Asia, the Turk becomes a bright example of the triumph of right over might, and by his own might he makes mites of his enemies, and sends them to the right about. No rancour is excited by the Koran, for it is found that nothing is got by being a bigot. No piece of work disturbs his works of peace, for Turkey does not make a goose of himself by vainly endeavouring to cook the goose of any other kingdom. The crescent grows, her horns are full, and are no longer the horns of a dilemma, for the sun of prosperity shines on her sons, and fortune seems inclined to fill her Golden Horn with plenty.



VENUS IN CONTACT WITH VIRGO.

March.



THE NEW ST. PATRICK AND THE "REPTILES."

- | | | |
|----|----|--|
| 1 | Th | <i>St. David's Day.</i> A leek is sprung in Wales. |
| 2 | F | Hahnemann d. 1843. Hahnemann becomes No man. |
| 3 | S | Penn treats the Indians. Query, to rum shrub? |
| 4 | S | 2ND SUNDAY IN LENT. |
| 5 | M | The Serenaders first land in England. |
| 6 | Tu | Gascoigne slapp'd the Prince of Wales, and left <i>prints of whales</i> on his face. |
| 7 | W | Perpetua, martyr. <i>Esto perpetua.</i> |
| 8 | Th | Battle of Aboukir. Egypt tries a Nap at the Pyramids. |
| 9 | F | Peace between Great Britain and Lahore. All the better for Lahore. |
| 10 | S | Sir Hugh Middleton dies, with New River Water on his brain. |
| 11 | S | 8RD SUNDAY IN LENT. |
| 12 | M | Cheek Hospital foundead. What a stretcher! |
| 13 | Tu | Georgium Sidus dis. 1781. Quite beside us to make a joke on it. |
| 14 | W | Admiral Byng shot. Query, did he bring down his bird? |
| 15 | Th | Julius Cæsar ass. Seize her yourself, and no nonsense. |
| 16 | F | Sterne d. 1796, and finishes Life's "Sentimental Journey." |
| 17 | S | St. Patrick, patron of shillalahs. Irishmen run their heads against a |
| 18 | S | 4TH SUNDAY IN LENT. [sham rock.] |
| 19 | M | Sir John Denham, poet, d. 1688. Author of "Paradise Lost." |
| 20 | Tu | Spring commences. Query, Tom Spring? |
| 21 | W | Jean Paul Richter b. 1763. One of the right sort, few were <i>righter</i> . |
| 22 | Th | Cranmer burnt; having previously burnt his fingers, he feared the fire. |
| 23 | F | Kotzebue stabbed. Who? what? where? The "stranger" finished at last. |
| 24 | S | Queen Elizabeth d. Great Bet laid long odds with Spain, and won. |
| 25 | S | 5TH SUNDAY IN LENT. |
| 26 | M | Reform Bill, 1830. Reform Bill? let him reform himself. |
| 27 | Tu | Moustache movement. Grammatical use of the ellipsis (<i>He lipeses.</i>) |
| 28 | W | Vesta souths. Eh? that's a south vester! |
| 29 | Th | Scarcity in the joke market. Alarming failures in Fleet-street. |
| 30 | F | Drew d. 1833. Who's Drew? and what did he draw? a truck or a check? |
| 31 | S | Allied Sovs. enter Paris, 1814. The French say the sovereigns all lied. |

HINTS FOR THE MONTH.

MARCH.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.—There will be no difficulty in raising the wind this month. Sportsmen should be careful to avoid hares, as March hares are supposed to be mad. Fathers, therefore, must not be too cross if they find their heirs a little wild. St. David and St. Patrick have their days this month; the shillala of the one not unfrequently causing the head of the other to spring a leak.

HINTS TO THIRD FLOOR LODGERS.—Purchase roots of primroses and violets, which set in pots, and place on the window-ledge, being careful not to secure them. If they are blown down, take no notice; there are some creatures who do not like flowers, and their objections may be heightened if they receive the flower and pot upon their heads. Possibly, if you were to ask them to bring the flower up-stairs, it might lead to unpleasant personal altercation.

TO THE NEEDY.—As Lent commences in this month, it, perhaps, might be a propitious season for borrowing.

ECLIPSES.

During the year 1855 there will be four eclipses—two of the Sun, and two of the Moon.

The first occurs on the 2nd of May, in the morning, and is a total eclipse of the Moon, beginning at 14 minutes after 2, and ending at 4 minutes before 6; but the Moon sets at Greenwich at 35 minutes past 4, so that she will set totally eclipsed.

The second is a partial eclipse of the Sun, beginning at 3 minutes past midnight on the 15th of May, and ending at 4h. A.M. on the 16th. It is not visible at Greenwich.

The third is a total eclipse of the Moon, partially visible at Greenwich. It begins at 44 minutes past 5 on the morning of the 25th of October, and the total disappearance of the Moon takes place at 15 minutes before 7; but the Moon sets at Greenwich at 21 minutes before 7, and therefore partially eclipsed. The eclipse ends at 15 minutes after 9h.

The fourth and last is a partial eclipse of the Sun, occurring at 35 minutes after 5 on the afternoon of the 9th of November, and ending on the earth generally at 9h. It is invisible at Greenwich.

THE GREATEST ECLIPSE OF ALL

Has, it must be confessed, not been calculated (upon) by astronomers; it will consist in the total eclipse of all other almanacks by "Blackwood's Comic Zadkiel." It will be perfectly visible at Greenwich; and by the new regulations can be sent free, per post, to any part of the country for sixpence. Of course the last sentence alludes to Zadkiel and not to the eclipse. The best means of beholding this mundane phenomenon is to purchase Zadkiel, and then to buy any other almanack, comic or otherwise; when the bright scintillations and wonderfully radiating influence of the beams of wit, &c., &c., &c., proceeding from Zadkiel, and a great deal more than the present writer likes to mention, will be found at once to throw an immense shade over the other, and the eclipse will be not only visible, but risible in the extreme.

PERSONAL DIARY OF MR. SEPTIMUS IVINS.

MARCH.

2nd. "Be careful in pecuniary transactions." Septimus only wishes he had.

10th. "Deal with usurers." Septimus applies to Lypey Josephs for 70*l.*, amount of debt and costs.

11th. "Uncertainty attends thee." Lypey pretends to be unwilling, and wishes to see his friend in the city.

14th. "The influences are not to be depended upon." A friend calls on Septimus, who promises to lend him the money when he touches his aunt's legacy to-morrow. "In the mean time, lend me a sovereign to go to the Probate Office."

16th. "Expect no gain from pecuniary transactions." Lypey, as the friend has totally disappeared with the sovereign, advances the 70*l.*, and in exchange, receives Septimus' bill for 120*l.*, at three months.

17th. "Sue the fair." Immediately on his release he visits Miss Tallmast, who, ungraciously, is "not at home." He, however, sees her peeping at him over the blind.

18th. "Deal with old persons." Calls in an old clothesman to raise some petty cash, and sells him, by mistake, his best waistcoat, containing a locket which his aunt has given him to get repaired.

24th. "Beware! The influences of this day are deceitful." Offers a small reward for locket, after much trouble obtains it.

25th. "Very evil." Discovers that he has been cheated. His aunt's locket was gold, this is brass.

28th. "Caution is necessary." Aunt demands her locket. Septimus writes, "The jeweller, who is very dilatory, still keeps it."

29th. "Conflicting and uncertain." Miss Biffles, the aunt, requests the name of jeweller.

31st. "Affairs unsatisfactory." Having explained loss of locket, Miss Biffles replies this day, hinting at petty larceny.

WHO PAYS THE BILLS OF MORTALITY?—A contributor having sent in this pertinent (and at the same time impertinent) question, is informed that, to the best of Zadkiel's knowledge, the Bills of Mortality are paid by the very same benevolent persons who settle the "Debt of Nature."

HOW TO MAKE RELIGION UNPLEASANT.

Never smile; smiling is not religious. Abuse the world, and make people bad by telling them that they are so. Never go to a play, or to any harmless enjoyment; only to an oratorio, where fine dress can be shown, and sacred music serves the world's purpose. Do not dress finely, but take the best you can get. Patronize everybody, think no one your equal. Flatter your superiors, and always speak well of the bishops. Tell anyone who says the clergy are too rich, that he is an atheist. Make faith a terror, not a consolation. Bully little boys at your Sunday schools; shut them up all day, hearing explanations of things inexplicable on religion, or listening to sermons which they can't understand. If any one proposes a better method of instruction, call him an infidel. If a clergyman, visit the poor to be seen, and the rich from choice; entirely neglect the middle classes, where you meet neither good dinners, nor get a reputation for charity. If a curate, visit where you can get a good dinner. When you get a living, cut all your former friends, and flatter your bishop. If rich, declare that the fact of the poor taking fresh air is a desecration of the Sabbath, but do not hesitate to use your own horses. Shut up all shops but your fishmonger's, and set your servants double work for your dinner. Look to a man's pocket and rank in society before you make him your friend. Stick to the hardest dogmas of your own sect, and condemn that of everybody else; and by following this simple advice, already much obeyed, you will succeed in doing more harm to true religion than the cleverest atheist in the world.

 SELLING OFF.

Cries Gusset, the draper, "My stock will not go,
 And all who look at it, declare 'tis so-so;
 Neither 'fifty per cent.' bills, nor 'bargains' will draw:
 Untrodden by any 's the step of my door."
 "Then why not be bankrupt," says Remnant, his friend,
 "And by quick selling off bring your cares to an end?
 Have a 'failure alarming,' a 'sacrifice' dread;
 One partner in prison, one—hung himself, dead;
 You will find the game good; all believe in the saying,
 That one party's loss is another one's gain:
 You'll be patronised then both by poor and *haut ton*,
 And by thus '*selling off*' still contrive to '*sell on*.'"

April.



"ALL THE WORLD A FOOL."

1	S	PALM SUNDAY.
2	M	Harvey b. 1578. First discovered the circulating medium.
3	Tu	Mirabeau b. 1791. Admire a beau? Not the beau to admire.
4	W	Ainsworth, wrote the Dictionary and not Jack Sheppard, died 1743.
5	Th	British Museum est. 1753. Rubbish shot here!
6	F	<i>Old Lady Day.</i> Well, who was she?
7	S	Fire your insurance, and insure your fires by buying cheap coals.
8	S	EASTER SUNDAY.
9	M	Bonaparte abdicated, 1814. He gets thrown from his throne.
10	Tu	To insure a fine day take out an old gingham.
11	W	Canning b. 1770. Of ministers he was the very Prime.
12	Th	Mars south. If Ma's south where is Pa?
13	F	Venus sets. She don't sit long if she's a woman.
14	S	Window tax repealed, 1851. More light thrown on the <i>subject</i> .
15	S	LOW SUNDAY.
16	M	Buffon d. 1788. Like Carter, he devoted himself to the beasts.
17	Tu	Will any of our friends oblige us with a joke?
18	W	Judge Jefferies d. 1689. Patron Saint of the Windsor Court-Martial
19	Th	Lord Byron d. His expiring light goes out in Greece, 1824.
20	F	Spanish Armada invades England and takes—a "whopping!"
21	S	Table turning commenced as usual, in <i>a-merry-kee</i> .
22	S	2ND SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.
23	M	Shakspeare b. 1564. A low fellow who wrote plays.
24	Tu	Spica souths. Oh! my stars, who is Spica!
25	W	Lord Somers. Builder of Somers Town.
26	Th	Hume b. 1717. Although a writer, not one of the "Humorists."
27	F	Gibbon b. 1737. Like Wolsey, notorious from his "Decline and Fall."
28	S	Chaucer d. 1434. Chaw, sir! I don't chaw, I smokes.
29	S	3RD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.
30	M	London University com. 1827. Brougham in his glory.

HINTS FOR THE MONTH.

APRIL.

TO EVERYBODY.—Be particularly careful on the first of this month not to answer any questions, open any letters, or take notice of anything that your attention may be called to, for as it is All Fool's Day, you must be on your guard so as not to be caught napping. If you are crossing the road, and hear a warning cry, take no heed of it: if you don't listen to it, certainly you may be run over; but if you do pay attention to it, you may be made an April fool.

TO THE FAIR SEX.—Write to elderly "bucks," making appointments in out-of-the-way and inconvenient places, of course without any idea of repairing to the rendezvous yourselves. Send publicans' lists of prices to teetotal friends, through the post, omitting to stamp the envelope; and make up heavy parcels for old-maidish aunts with plenty of money, and every desire to keep it.

GENERAL HINTS.—If the weather during the month is not fine, it will not unlikely be wet, but ten chances to one it will be one and both, therefore it will be necessary to prepare for both. If wet when you go out, carry in a carpet-bag a change of costume suited to dry weather, as the change from wet to dry will, no doubt, be rapid. If, on the contrary, it is sunshiny when you leave home, take with you a mackintosh, goloshes, umbrella, anti-gropellos, sou-wester, and any other little provision against a heavy shower. It is always advisable to be in a condition to take things as they come.

PERSONAL DIARY OF MR. SEPTIMUS IVINS.

APRIL.

1st. "Travel not." Defers a journey to Miss Biffles, who, not seeing him at her feet repentant, determines to alter her will, and starts to London to her solicitor.

3rd. "An evil day." Another will is executed.

4th. "Take journeys." Septimus sets out to see his aunt, whom he, of course, finds from home.

10th. "Beware of this day." Miss Biffles, having heard of his trouble, relents and comes to see him, bringing with her Miss Tallmast. They find him in company with a young Jewess, the clothesman's daughter, who has around her neck the locket, which she is about to restore.

11th. "Mischievous lurks." Miss Biffles *will* have it that he has presented the locket to the Jewess. Miss Tallmast requires an explanation.

12th. "Withstand the allurements of the fair sex." Miss Tallmast, satisfied with the explanation, wishes to make it up. Septimus sticks by Raphael and won't.

18th. "Military men meet with success." Miss Tallmast's cousin, who is in the 46th, calls on Septimus for an explanation, which he does not get.

20th. "Beware." The cousin sends a friend.

22nd. "Let those born about the 20th of August (Septimus's birthday) avoid travelling." Septimus finds he must stay at home to be shot or risk his life in a train: he follows the latter course, having previously insured his life heavily. Arriving, he sees by the newspaper that the 46th have been sent to Botany Bay.

24th. "Good: sign deeds and speculate." Is induced to buy a lease in the country.

28th. "Fortunate for courtship." Relieved of the cousin, he endeavours to conciliate Miss Tallmast, who taunts him with cowardice.

29th. "Decidedly evil." To vindicate his honour from the imputation of cowardice he quarrels with Lypey Josephs, who calls to see if he is all right, strikes him and kicks him out. Lypey at once enters an action for battery.

ALL FOOLS.

DEDICATED TO THE WORLD ON THE FIRST OF APRIL.

From him who sits upon a throne,
A sublimated man, half god,
With slaves who watch his every nod,
To him who dares not call his own,

His soul imbruted. He who sits
Apart from men, despising all;
Still swelling o'er with bitter gall;
Bowed to a god of his own wits.

And he who studies still the schools,
Loves mind alone, and simple worth,
If ignorant, regards as dearth
Of soul, smile moving. Fools! all Fools!

The merchant, counting figures o'er;
The sailor, with his home a boat;
The poet, through whose brain dreams float;
The soldier whose grim world is war;

Philanthropist, who deems *all* good,
 Nor that the heart has aught of sin,
 And haughty philosophe, who'd win
 Worldly renown by heart of wood;

Religionist, who takes the world
 E'en as he finds it, and by prayers
 Solely, would climb up to the stars,
 Suffering dark shame to still be hurled

Upon the staunch reformer, he
 Who cries not words, but deeds, and sneers
 At sufferance pale, and nightly prayers
 Regards not, ever crying, "We

"Must put our strength forth, else our sons
 Will still be slavish; forward all;
 Down every hedge and Bastile wall
 Which keeps light from our little ones."

And darker yet, the worldling slight,
 Who lives for self alone; nay, worse,
 Those who ill passions only nurse,
 Grown pale like plants amerced from light.

Before the Perfect One, how blind!
 How weak our efforts after truth!
 Wanderings which wake the angel's ruth,
 And pain the Universal Mind!

A saint's day this for lowly heart,
 Which knows itself and others well;
 Sad jester, *here* the truth I tell,
 And act for once aright my part.

All—he who slaves, and he who rules—
 Bow, stubborn heart, and cast aside
 For once thy panoply of pride,
 And sadly own, all fools! all fools!

ON A MARTIAL PERSONAGE.

Therefore translated from Martial, lib. xi. Ep. xciii.

Who called thee vicious was a lying elf,
 Thou art not *vicious*, for thou'rt *vice* itself.

May.



THE PRE-RAPHAELITE STUMBLING-BLOCK.

- | | | |
|----|----|--|
| 1 | Tu | Scotland united to England. Scotia still has <i>her little grievances</i> . |
| 2 | W | Camden b. 1551. Not the founder of Camden Town. |
| 3 | Th | Jamaica disc. 1495. What a <i>rum</i> discovery. |
| 4 | F | Dr. Barrow d. 1677. His works much used by navvies. |
| 5 | S | Bonaparte d. 1821. The bony part leaves the flesh. |
| 6 | S | 4TH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER. |
| 7 | M | Van Swieten, a chemist, d. Death sweetens the bitter pill. |
| 8 | Tu | The Editor of this Almanac born. N.B. On purpose to edit it. |
| 9 | W | Mr. Palette, whose picture has been refused, writes a <i>slashing critique</i> |
| 10 | Th | Venus sets 10-52 p.m. Where? and who to? [on the <i>R.A.</i> |
| 11 | F | Mr. Palette is delighted by seeing his critique in print. |
| 12 | S | Strafford loses his head. <i>Laud</i> be praised. 1641. |
| 13 | S | ROGATION SUNDAY. |
| 14 | M | Vaccination intr. 1796. Waxy nation? what <i>bee</i> that. |
| 15 | Tu | Fahrenheit b. 1686. <i>Mercury</i> in the ascendant. |
| 16 | W | D. O'Connell d. His union with life repealed. |
| 17 | Th | Trial by Jury first intro. by Baron Nicholson, A.D. 970. |
| 18 | F | Mutiny at Sheerness, 1767. Sailors in a <i>sheer mess</i> . |
| 19 | S | An execution served in the House of "Boleyn." Head carried off. |
| 20 | S | SUNDAY AFTER ASCENSION DAY. |
| 21 | M | <i>Gemini</i> . Nurse loq. "Please, sir, it's twins." |
| 22 | Tu | Lord Sidmouth's Bill rejected, 1811. Presented but not taken up yet. |
| 23 | W | Francis att. to shoot Victoria. The pot-boy objects to the measure of |
| 24 | Th | the state, tries to send the Queen to pot, and is subject to the measure |
| 25 | F | Chas. II. returns, 1660. England takes a bad sovereign. [of the law. |
| 26 | S | Paley d. 1805. His evidences no longer evident. |
| 27 | S | WHIT SUNDAY. |
| 28 | M | Campbell b. 1777. Like a Scot, he wrote his Pleas. of Hope in England. |
| 29 | Tu | King Chas. res. 1660 to England, having left his morals abroad. |
| 30 | W | Pope d. 1744. Conclusion of his "Essay on Man." |
| 31 | Th | Sir H. Davy d. 1829. The light goes out of Davy's Safety Lamp |

HINTS FOR THE MONTH.

MAY.

TO PAINTERS.—Give the finishing daub to your canvas, which cart off to the Academy, and when the Exhibition opening shows you your scene from the Vicar of Wakefield, or Othello, or Sir Walter Scott, or some other novel subject, hung out of sight—rave about being persecuted—kept down; talk about writing to the *Times* to expose the R. A.'s, but don't do it, for fear you expose yourself. A good way to paint a picture is to suggest a subject, and make your pupils, if you have any, paint it; this kills two birds with one stone—you get a picture, and the pupils get practice: you can, of course, spoil their work afterwards by some superfluous touches of your own; it will, perhaps, be as well to do so, as then the parties who really painted the picture will not know it again.

TO YOUTHFUL SPORTING "GENTS."—This is the Derby month. By all means get a "tip," and if you have not the means to "put the pot on," make use of your employer's money: he will never be so mean as to refuse you a little ready when you have so fine an opportunity of doubling the stakes. Place implicit reliance in seedy, unkempt fellows who hang about certain public-houses, and who wear dirty white hats, blue and white neckerchiefs, and stable-cut coats, and who talk about horseflesh, races, and offer the odds from a pound to a "pony." Trust them with your money, and let them know how you got it; and if they advise your taking more, and investing it with them, do so by all means. Tickets-of-leave are now granted to certain convicts.

THE BEST SOPORIFICS.—A dull parson and an easy pew.

THINGS WHICH "HONEST" MEN MAY STEAL.—A man's opinions, his puns, his umbrella, and his good name.

A GRAVE FACE.—A mask which often shows that one is not wise enough to be witty, or good enough to be merry.

YOUTH.—"Youth," says Rochefoucauld, "is a continual intoxication." If this were true, how few of us would be Teetotallers.

A MAXIM.—Trust the world, if you want to be trusted yourself.

A JOB FOR THE CENSUS.—Mr. Horace Mann and his assistants have given us a very excellent report on the population of this kingdom. We now know the numbers of the clergy, lawyers, and doctors, and even—but of course these rascals come last—how many men of the pen, to whom we owe our daily ideas, much of our daily strength, and a great deal of our daily aspirations and virtues. They have told us also that, on the night of the census, above 9,000 slept in barns. Will they tell us how many of our fellow creatures had no dinners, and how many of the rich ate dinner enough for three. If they did so, we should see how kind fortune was to many of us, and how cruel some were to themselves.

PERSONAL DIARY OF MR. SEPTIMUS IVINS.

MAY.

1st. "A.M. Engage not in wedlock." Septimus thinks that the advice does not apply to him, as it is all up with Miss Tallmast. He reads further: "P.M. Speculate." He at once rushes and buys the "tip" for the Derby.

4th. "Favourable for dealings with the fair sex." Septimus puts on his best to visit his beloved. He is admitted to see her brother, who, holding a whip over his head, tells him to consider himself chastised. Septimus is crest-fallen.

13th. "The aspects are conflicting." Septimus again tries his luck at reconciliation with his aunt. He writes an abject letter, and wetting his little finger, dips it in various places for tears.

14th. "You will experience the benefic influences of Jupiter." Trusting on this assurance, Septimus goes to the first *bal masque* at Vauxhall. It of course pours with rain. Septimus returns much like a water-rat, and is obliged to pay Nathan for the value of the costume which he has spoiled.

16th. "Strange influences exist." Septimus tries to get rid of his cold by means of hot rum and water, and invites a friend.

17th. "Favourable. Settle money accounts." Mr. Septimus fain would do so. Haunted by the approaching bill, he again writes to his dear aunt, Miss Biffles, and hopes that he shall soon enjoy the wish of his heart to see her again; he tells her that he has devoted himself to study, and has become a perfect recluse.

18th. In order to become a "perfect recluse," Septimus studies "The Ball-room Preceptor," and is seen at a dancing academy.

22nd. "Favourable for elegant pursuits." Disappointed at receiving no letter from his aunt, Mr. Ivins takes his landlady's daughter, Miss Bangles, to a fancy fair, held on behalf of "the Distressed Bottlewashers." To his dismay, he finds his "dear aunt" and Miss Tallmast co-partners in a stall. Miss Biffles congratulates him on the companion he has found; Miss Tallmast mutters "Perjured wretch!" and faints.

24th. "Trade or speculate." Alas! the wretched Septimus does not know which way to turn; haunted by the bill, he can hardly sleep.

A FEW MOTTOES,

(With very free Translations.)

RESPECTFULLY OFFERED TO THE NOBILITY AND GENTRY IN EXCHANGE
FOR THOSE WHICH THEY AT PRESENT BEAR, BUT WHICH DON'T SUIT
THEM.

SIR CHARLES NAPIER.

*Non sibi Cronstadt.**He won't take Cronstadt.*

MR. AUSTIN LAYARD.

Magnum iter intendo sed dat mihi gloria vires.

If England stands the "tin," I'll go on a voyage of discovery.

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

Magnum est vectigal parsimonia.

There's much got by scraping.

MR. BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

Cæcus amor sui..

Look at me.

MR. RICHARD COBDEN.

Non sum qualis eram.

I am not quite the chap that I was.

LORD PALMERSTON.

Periit garrulitate sui.

He says more with his tongue than he does by his brains.

MR. SPOONER.

Un sot à triple étage.

A most egregious spoony.

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

Ne puero gladium.

A lad unfit for office.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

Magnus in minimis, in maximis minor.

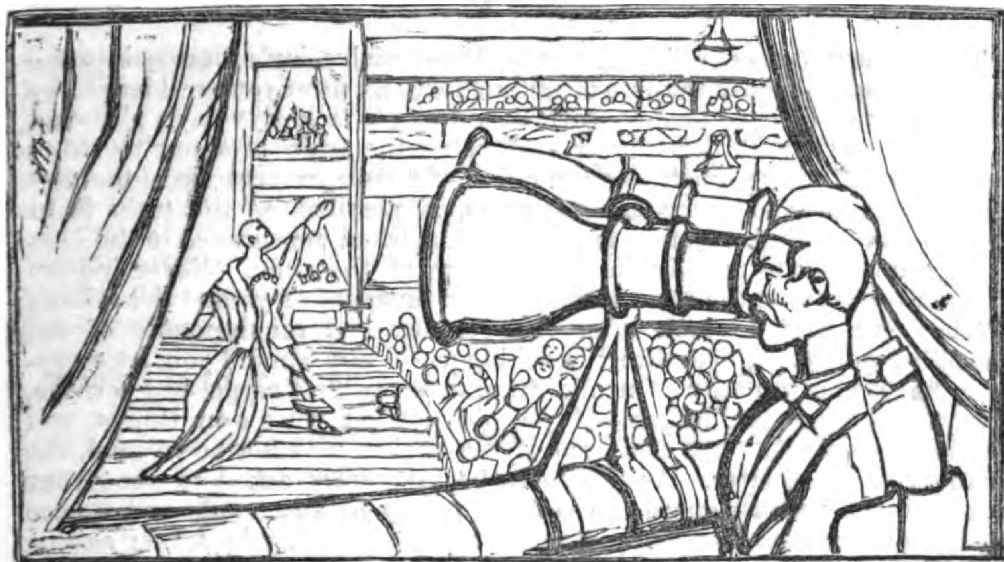
Great in little, and little in great things.

THE BRITISH NAVY.

Ex NILO nihil fit.

After the Nile—the Baltic.

June.



A DOUBLE ACHROMATIC AT THE OPERA.

- | | | |
|----|----|--|
| 1 | F | Victory off Ushant. No use saying you shan't to the British. |
| 2 | S | Gordon Riots, 1780. At St. Domingo, known as the riots of <i>Hayti</i> . |
| 3 | S | TRINITY SUNDAY. |
| 4 | M | George III. b. 1738. What a blessing for England. |
| 5 | Tu | According to the improved calendar of late years, expect frost. |
| 6 | W | Jacquard b. 1752. Something <i>looms</i> in the future. |
| 7 | Th | June called so from Junius Brutus, or out of comp. to the <i>Juniors</i> . |
| 8 | F | Black Prince (son of the Emperor of Hayti) d. probably white. |
| 9 | S | Lilly, of almanac notoriety, d. Death crops his lily. |
| 10 | S | 1ST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. |
| 11 | M | St. Barnabas. Great uproar at Pimlico. |
| 12 | Tu | Wat Tyler killed, 1381. The Lord Mayor sticks a calf. |
| 13 | W | Charlotte Corday kills Marat and immortalizes herself, 1793. |
| 14 | Th | The French repubs. are so ardent that they force their Italian brothers |
| 15 | F | to swallow the Pope, no doubt as an emetic, 1849. |
| 16 | S | No real night. Nevertheless people are advised to go to bed. |
| 17 | S | 2ND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. |
| 18 | M | Batt. of Waterloo, 1815. Has been fought ever since by the Eng. tongue. |
| 19 | Tu | Seven Bishops acq. 1688. The only time bishops were popular. |
| 20 | W | Magna Charter, 1215. John puts his name "to a little Bill." |
| 21 | Th | Income tax imposed, 1841. One of our "blessed institutions." |
| 22 | F | Yesterday often called the comm. of Summer. Buy winter clothing. |
| 23 | S | Malthus b. 1776. Great reformer of population returns. |
| 24 | S | 3RD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. |
| 25 | M | Great fright in the king market. Five capitals are placed under |
| 26 | Tu | military law, 1849, by their paternal sovereigns. Bless them! |
| 27 | W | Cairo taken, 1801. Out of affect. to Egypt, she is relieved of care oh! |
| 28 | Th | Victoria c. 1838. Her head troubled with cares of state and of fashion. |
| 29 | F | Emperor Julian d. 363. Remote ancestor of the composer. |
| 30 | S | Conventicle Act passed, 1663. They didn't act well to the conventicle. |

HINTS FOR THE MONTH.

JUNE.

TO EXCURSIONISTS AND TRAVELLERS.—If you wish a day's journey into the country, always choose the line of railway farthest from your residence: by so doing you will have to start earlier, and so get a longer day's pleasure. Contrive to arrive at the railway station as the train is about to start; rush to the platform, push any one down—for self preservation is the first duty of man—and enter the carriages, if possible, as the train is in motion; this will give you a fearless and spirited appearance in the eyes of any females who may be in the carriage at the time. Never inquire if you have got into the right train; it is no business of yours: the railway officials are paid to look after the comfort and requirements of the travelling public. Never direct your luggage: why should you let everybody know who you are? On alighting, take the first carpet-bag you see, always choosing the largest—if you do not get your own things, you obtain those of some one else; and if the quality may not be so good, the quantity may be better. As you may be frequently asked to show your ticket by the railway guard, be sure to put it in some safe and secure place, of course the last spot you would think of looking in for it; as this will give rise to a pleasant embarrassment, and no doubt to a little exhilarating *badinage* on the part of the guard. If you wish to smoke in the carriage, do so; are we not in the land of the free?

TO RAILWAY OFFICIALS.—As this month you will be most likely very busy, should the weather prove fine, you must lay in a good stock of self-importance, to which add contempt for the public generally. If any one asks a question, stare at the querist for some time, and then shut the window in his face. Never give any change or any information whatever. Be especially rude and unaccommodating to third class passengers, the carriages of which pack as full as possible with all sorts of passengers, but be particular in putting drunken "navvies" beside females,—this should always be done towards evening, and no lamp, upon any consideration whatever, should be placed in the carriage. If any accident occur, throw the blame on to the public for interfering with you in the execution of your duty. Never account for loss of luggage or time; the public can't do very well without you, so do as you like, and make them feel their position.

Can a teetotaler who tumbles into the New River be said properly to be in his element?

A HINT TO A BISHOP.—Should any of the laity of your diocese declare that your stipend, say 30,000*l.* a year, is too great, or that to prefer your son to three livings in the space of two months, is scarcely apostolical, tell him at once that he "has a railing tongue;" that he merits the curse pronounced upon all those who bring discredit on religion." You will by these means most likely silence him, and forthwith drive him into the ranks of dissent.



KEAN AS HE WILL BE.

W. D. M. H. G.

PERSONAL DIARY OF MR. SEPTIMUS IVINS.

JUNE.

1st. "Favourable for literary affairs—seek favours of great men." Septimus, in limbo, writes a letter against the Prime Minister, and sends it to the *Weekly Thunderer*, signed "A Debtor."

3rd. "This day is evil." A letter is forwarded to Ivins from his aunt, holding out a promise of forgiveness.

6th. "Favourable for all honourable undertakings." Septimus, who has delayed answering till a "favourable" opportunity, writes an abject letter to his aunt.

8th. "Beware! the influences cannot be depended upon." Septimus entertains a few friends in his rooms, when his aunt arrives.

13th. "Favourable for most matters." The wretched Septimus, who has been deserted by his aunt, and whose communication has been rejected again, writes to the *Thunderer* as a gentleman of fortune; he receives a note from the proprietor, declaring that his letter is a libel, but that he will withhold it on payment of 50*l*.

14th. Septimus at once writes to his legal adviser, and then believing he is the most unfortunate being in the world, falls into a fit.

24th. "Accidents are rife. Evil." Septimus receives a letter from a strange lawyer, who says that if he sends proofs of his birth, &c., he will hear of something to his advantage. Sep. suspects a trap.

28th. He again hears from the lawyer, and cautiously sends a friend to him, who finds there really is something in it.

RESUSCITATION OF THE DRAMA BY MR. CHARLES KEAN.

Zadkiel submits the following guide to the next drama at the Princess's:—Mr. Kean will perform all the characters, being at one time his own brother, sister, father, mother, aunt, uncle, and cousins, all of whom he will, in due course, make corses, as well as of himself, when he will appear as his own ghost, and also the ghosts of his relatives. The action of the play will be supposed to commence five years before it takes place, and all the acts will occur at the same time in different places. In the first act Mr. Kean will appear as his own brother, while he himself is killed a long way off, when he will appear to his

c

brother as his own ghost. When he will repair to the place where he was before he was his brother, after he was killed, and will there kill the villain who slew him at the time he was his brother. His ghost will then again appear, and with himself, who is very like some one else, who is himself, will attack a mail-coach and four, driven by himself, when he will shoot himself, and immediately appear as somebody else, who will be arrested, and afterwards taken to execution; when somebody else, who is not himself, but who was him before he became another person, will be seized and executed; after which he will himself come home to his friends, who are all enacted by Mr. Kean, and receive their congratulations.

The scene which our artist has rendered with such terrible vitality and such vital terror, exhibits Kean slaying himself after a fearful struggle; the death-scene of the greater villain of the two, being troubled by the vision of various ghosts of himself in other characters, the possessor of which ghosts he had, at a period anterior to the opening of the piece, slain; we believe the dialogue to be somewhat of this kind:

Kean No. 1. (With terrible emphasis)—T'so, t'so, t'so, you shall die, eternal ruffian.

Kean No. 2.—Oh do, do, do (he should say "no"), your arm is not strong enough to pierce a heart of styeel (steel). [*They fight; Kean No. 1 at last knocks No. 2 down, and bores his sword through him.*]

Kean No. 2. (With horrible contortions)—Alas! his brazen arm and iron bone, his muscles made of Sheffield steel, have pierced me. Alas! I die. Know, fellow, that my arm cut off thy mother's life, thy father's head, thy fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters (*Enter ghosts*)—Ha! ha! they re-appear: they're devilish like thee. I go to meet them. [*Groans horribly and dies.*]

Kean No. 2.—An end of one!

Let's see, where am I now? oh! No. Two,
I will away, there's business yet to do.

The last scene, wherein every one of the characters appear in Tartarus, and each claim to be the real person, who at the same time is in *propriâ personâ* paying them a visit, is extremely puzzling. The blue and red fires in the scene surpass everything since Sardanapalus; and the audience are so bewilderingly delighted, and delightedly bewildered, that Charles Kean is expected to be made to re-appear before the curtain in all his characters at once.

July.



THE DOGS-LOGY IN THE DOG DAYS.

- | | | |
|----|-----------|--|
| 1 | S | 4TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY, |
| 2 | M | Klopstock b. 1724. He afterwards paid an ode to humanity. |
| 3 | Tu | Dog-days begin. Look up your muzzles. |
| 4 | W | Miss Pips suspects Fido to be mad. |
| 5 | Th | First currency of sovereigns, 1817. |
| 6 | F | Nicholas of Russia, a specimen of <i>Ursus pessimus</i> . |
| 7 | S | Thomas à Becket kicked the bucket in the pale of Canterbury. |
| 8 | S | 5TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. |
| 9 | M | Monk Lewis b. 1775. First of the real ghost school of writers. |
| 10 | Tu | Miss Pips' dog Fido is quite rabid, and bites the cat. [pickle. |
| 11 | W | Prin. Orange ass. 1584. Orange not able to preserve itself, gets into a |
| 12 | Th | Policeman X. Y. Z. sent to Fido. Being a wise head he won't touch him. |
| 13 | F | Jupiter rises 9-50. If he gets up at 10 o'clock, what time does he dine? |
| 14 | S | The sagacious Fido will not stay to be killed, but runs away. |
| 15 | S | 6TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. |
| 16 | M | Miss Pips inconsolable. Fido was as fat as a prize pig. |
| 17 | Tu | Dr. Watts b. 1674. He was a what's-his-name and wrote what-d'ye-call-it. |
| 18 | W | Bishop Stillingfleet. Lord Aberdeen celebrated for the same virtue. |
| 19 | Th | Miss Pips publishes an inadequate reward for Fido, |
| 20 | F | And has twenty ugly pups of the same name brought to her. |
| 21 | S | Burns d. Why is Scotland like the Inferno? Because it is the land |
| 22 | S | 7TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. [of immortal Burns. |
| 23 | M | Potato blight, Ireland 1848. The real aphid vastator, idleness. |
| 24 | Tu | Venus greatest elong. Elongation! what a stretcher. |
| 25 | W | Rev. in Paris, 1848. They take Napoleon cloth instead of Orleans. |
| 26 | Th | Miss Pips in despair of Fido, buys a handsome Blenheim. |
| 27 | F | Duty on alm. repealed. Zadkiel's duty is not repealed but performed. |
| 28 | S | The new dog being well fed seems uncomfortable. |
| 29 | S | 8TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. |
| 30 | M | Becoming excessively tight, he bursts his skin, and |
| 31 | Tu | Miss Pips finds her own Fido, &c., sewn up in another dog's coat!! |

HINTS FOR THE MONTH.

JULY.

A WORD TO THE WISE.—If you have dogs, keep them without water and unmuzzled. It adds to their spirit, and gives them a sense of freedom. Eat half ripe fruit, taking care, if cherries or plums, to swallow the stones.

Be sure to pay your rates and taxes on the 20th, or you will lose the privilege of voting, and so sacrifice some 10*l.*, for which you might reasonably expect to sell your vote.

To Wives.—If you have got over June without the wretch who finds the money—by which is meant the husband—having hinted at the sea-side or going out of town, be subject to fainting fits, and find out that all the children are ailing. If this should fail, allude to the Browns and Smiths having gone to Herne Bay, or seriously consider the propriety of asking “mama” to take care of the house, as you are really so “dreadfully unwell.”

PERSONAL DIARY OF MR. SEPTIMUS IVINS.

JULY.

1st. “Conflicting.” This is true enough, knowing not what to do; in prison, out of favour with his aunt, and only supported by his cruel creditor, Mr. Josephs, Septimus Ivins curses his unlucky stars. He writes and sends a fee to Raphael, to ask “what he shall do.”

5th. “Seek the friendship of the great.” It is all very well, but how is Septimus to do so. He writes to the Prime Minister and declares he knows of a remarkable plot.

6th. “Uncertain.” A letter from Raphael says that he is at present taking an observation of Aries, and that he will send him the result.



AN OBSERVATION OF AREAS.

8th. "Unimportant." It turns out the most important day of his life; the strange lawyer appears, and tells Mr. Ivins that he has had 500*l.* left him. He leaves him for present uses a 50*l.* note.

11th. "Bargain with old people." Septimus gets his release from prison from Mr. Lypey Josephs, by paying him 30*l.*, and promising to settle the rest quickly.

19th. "Deal with bankers." In obedience to this, Septimus, who has received his legacy, places it in a bank, and determines to "seek favours from the great," by applying to the minister, when he is arrested for "an attempt to extort money."

20th. "Deal with martial men." As a near approach to this, the unhappy Septimus attempts to bribe a policeman *too* openly.

24th. "Literary things succeed." Defended with great skill by his lawyer, who treats him as of unsound mind, Septimus gets let off with a warning.

26th. "The aspects of the day cannot be depended on." Septimus, in whose legacy the little affair has made some inroads, determines again to lay siege to Miss Tallmast.

27th. "Favourable for pleasure." Calling upon Miss Tallmast, he sees her walking from her door with a militia captain. He writes to Raphael, and wants to know whether



VIRGO IS SQUARING TO MARS.

31st. "Misfortune attends literary persons, but military men succeed." Notwithstanding this, Miss Tallmast, hearing of Septimus' fortune, dismisses her red coat friend.

A CONSOLATION.

Quoth Brown, I've lost my *mistress*, true,
But 'tis a salve for the disaster;
That she was such a precious shrew,
That, married, she had been my *master*.

DISAGREEABLES.

It is disagreeable to be asked to take a glass of wine, and on accepting the invitation to hear the street-door shut; to wait five minutes, hear the door open and shut again, and then to see a decanter with two glasses of warm wine brought in. It shows you did wrong to accept the proffered juice of the grape, and that it has been obtained from the nearest public-house.

It is disagreeable to be asked your opinion of a work you do not like, and the author of which you do not know, in a mixed company, among the members of which is the author himself.

It is disagreeable, when asked for your card, to pull out of your pocket a pawnbroker's duplicate.

It is disagreeable to accept "pot-luck" with a friend, and discover he has bacon and cabbage for dinner.

It is disagreeable to meet with a lady who has an awkward habit of "speaking her mind."

It is disagreeable to pay for an opera box, and find that the first tenor and the prima donna have both colds, and cannot appear.

It is disagreeable to cut a friend, and afterwards to find out that he is a richer and better man than yourself.

It is disagreeable to walk into an omnibus and sit opposite a man to whom you owe money.

Lastly, it is very disagreeable to find an amusing article done to death by being too long.

 ON THE OPERA.

Tagliafico or Sontag are very nice singers,
 Yet the opera's a pillory, truly 'tis said;
 For it nails down our ear as o'er music it lingers,
 And oh! but too often exposes our head.

VERBUM SAP—OR A WORD TO A SAP.—There is a pun to be made on Sevastopol, and *so vast a pull* on the Emperor. It is at any Sap's service.

August.



A NIGHT WITH THE BIVALVE.

1	W	<i>Lammas Day.</i> Negro Emancipation.
2	Th	Batt. of Blenheim, between an English bulldog and a French poodle.
3	F	D'Orsay d. 1852. The Glass of Fashion becomes the "Mould of Form."
4	S	Opening day of the illustrious bivalves. N.B. Sacred to Shelley.
5	S	9TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
6	M	Great Temperance Convention. <i>Song</i> , "We won't give up Teetotal."
7	Tu	Great increase of drunken cases from yesterday. Force of opposition.
8	W	Police enter areas, and are soon in conjunction with cold mutton.
9	Th	Dog Days end. N.B. Not necessary to shoot them, because their day
10	F	Disturbances in Ireland. N. B. Quite a standard subject. [is past.
11	S	Geo. IV. b. A gent. of the 46th school; debauched, drunken, a liar,
12	S	10TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. [and a fool.
13	M	Moon apo. Apologises eh? what for?
14	Tu	First printing by Faust. The book thus forced into notice.
15	W	Nap. b. 1769. The earth takes a "nap," but loses her proper rest.
16	Th	Walter Scott b. 1771. Of books he furnishes a novel list.
17	F	Duchess of Kent b. And born to a good thing too.
18	S	Beattie d. 1803. His minstrel ceases to sing.
19	S	11TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
20	M	Royal George sunk, 1791. Should be got up for <i>divers</i> reasons.
21	Tu	Thomas Tryon. Well, what can we try on Thomas?
22	W	Warren Hastings d. 1811. Not related to Warren of the Strand.
23	Th	Villiers ass. 1628. "So much for Buckingham."
24	F	St. Bartholomew, 1527. By no means <i>fair</i> practices on the Protestants.
25	S	Rev. at Brussels. N.B. Turn your carpets.
26	S	12TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
27	M	Siege of Algiers, 1816. Dey considerably shortened.
28	Tu	Hugo Grotius, 1645, You go? Go yourself, will you.
29	W	Father Mathew in London, 1843. Ready to <i>medal</i> with anybody.
30	Th	Peace with China, 1842. "These <i>teadious</i> old fools."— <i>Hamlet</i> .
31	F	John Bunyan d. 1688, and ends his pilgrimage.

HINTS FOR THE MONTH.

AUGUST.

On the fifth, the oyster season begins. Do not believe that there is anything in the old saying that oysters are not good unless there is an *R* in the month, but have a good meal of the early ones, and commence on the fifth of this month. Buy your oysters, the largest are the best, at a stall in the street, at which stand and eat them. Three or four dozen, if the weather is very hot, will be sufficient for a luncheon.

HINTS ON SHOOTING. — Grouse-shooting commences on the 12th; about the 15th, if the birds are plentiful, they may be purchased for a moderate sum at the poulterer's.

"BEAUTY SOON PASSES AWAY."

In crinoline and glacé dressed,
My heart with love Miss Smith inspired;
My lips her blushing cheeks just pressed,
And took off all that I admired.

PERSONAL DIARY OF MR. SEPTIMUS IVINS.

AUGUST.

1st. "Sue the fair." Septimus does so; Miss Tallmast tells him she loves him alone. Septimus departs delighted.

4th. "The influence of Saturn mars otherwise benefic tendencies." Ivins meets Brown of the 46th (his rival), who tells him that Miss Tallmast wasn't worth much.

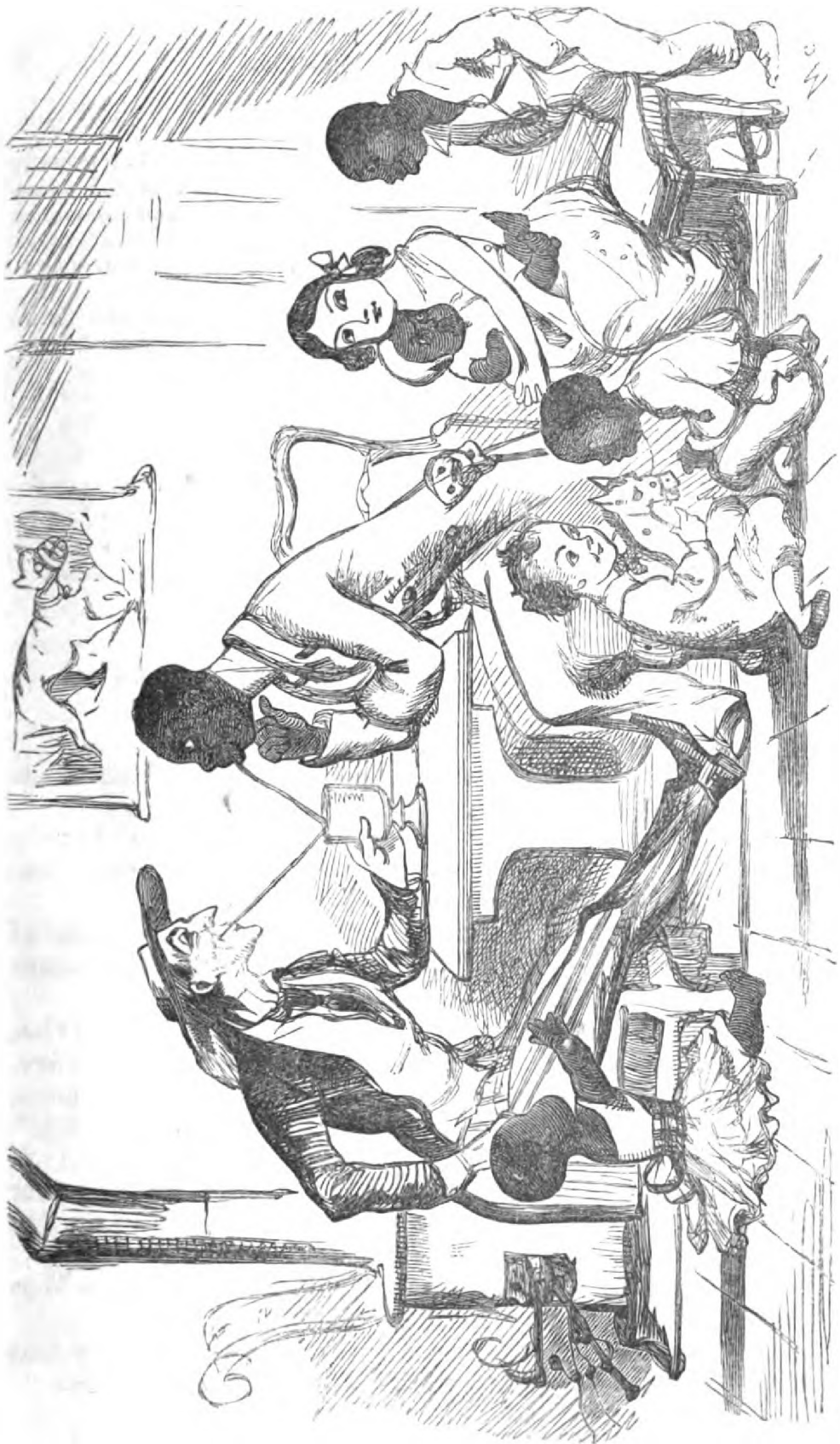
5th. "Conflicting." Septimus Ivins thinks the honour of his mistress called in question, he therefore calls out Lieutenant Brown.

9th. "Evil." Brown, of the 46th, arranges to meet Ivins, but being himself afraid, bribes a policeman to interfere. They are both taken before a magistrate, and are both fined, Brown vowing that he would have shot that "cussed civilian."

12th. "Conflicting." Miss Tallmast, having heard of Ivins' bravery, sinks overpowered in his arms. He begs her to name the day; she says some time in December. Alas! in that month there is no "favourable" day.

18th. "Seek favours." Septimus again writes to urge Miss Tallmast, who begins to suspect his haste.

28th. "Military men succeed." Brown, of the 46th, by dint of some terrible lies, persuades Miss Tallmast against Ivins.



AMERICA FIFTY YEARS HENCE.

GRAND NEPHEW TOM'S CABIN.

AN EXTRACT FROM A SEQUEL SOME SIXTY YEARS AFTER THE DATE OF
MRS. STOWE'S VOLUME.

The cabin of nephew Tom had, as he said, "expatiated itself into a villa," but, possibly inheriting the quiet tastes of his celebrated grand uncle, Thomas ever chose his kitchen as the place to sit and converse in with his friends—partly because he could, from the open door, watch his turkeys and bustards, and beyond them his gardens, with his pumpkins in a flourishing condition; and partly because, as he said, "them cussed whites do spit so in my best room, and spile the furnitur, which a'int pleasant, no-how." It was in this kitchen that Tom sat with his son Beecher, who was amusing himself by nursing Tom's youngest bantling, Miss Harriet Stow, at the time which introduces him to our readers.

"Put the piccaninny away, Beecher," said Tom, snatching a kiss at the little thing; "take her to your mother, Chloe, and tell her to be mighty pertikler about the hoe cake, 'cos there's some white folks coming, and they's allus cussed proud, that they is. Yes, their hearts is like a sponge stuck in a basin o' pride, and allus full o' the juice." Having delivered himself of this oracular sentence, Tom began getting out molasses, pumpkin pie, chicken fixings, and various other niceties, and in a short time afterwards employed himself in making some gin cocktail.

He had not been long at his interesting work, when a tall, lanky specimen of the Anglo-Saxon, run to seed, as it were, by the hot sun of Virginia, came to Tom's location, and leaning over the gate, first ejected some superfluous saliva, and then shouted out, "Tom, yer nigger, how is ye? Yer within hail I knows."

"Gess I am," answered Tom; "law, now, if it arn't Mr. Haley, and he's brought his piccaninny with him, too."

"Piccaninny," cried Haley, "d'ye call this long, loafing slip of a feller a piccaninny; tell yer, he arn't none a' mine, he's Bill Loker's boy, and a sharp coon he is—almighty sharp, Tom. Why, if yer was to give him some o' the wool out o' your scull, there, he'd go and trade it away to stuff chairs with, he would."

"Gess I should, Tom," says young Loker. "Why there's your piccaninny, now; if they traded in them as they used to

do, so granddad ses, blessed if I would n't buy him for a jack knife, feed him up a space, and trade him away for a rifle."

"'Cute as a coon, d'ye see," said Haley; "now I tell ye wot, Loker, none o' your recollections o' wot we used to do; when we traded in piccaninnies, we weren't neer so cute as we are now, not by many chalks; and so now, young Loker, just 'muse the young Columbia, and wait on us whilst I and Tom here finish that gin-sling."

"Cocktail it is, and precious good, too. How 'll ye take it," said Tom.

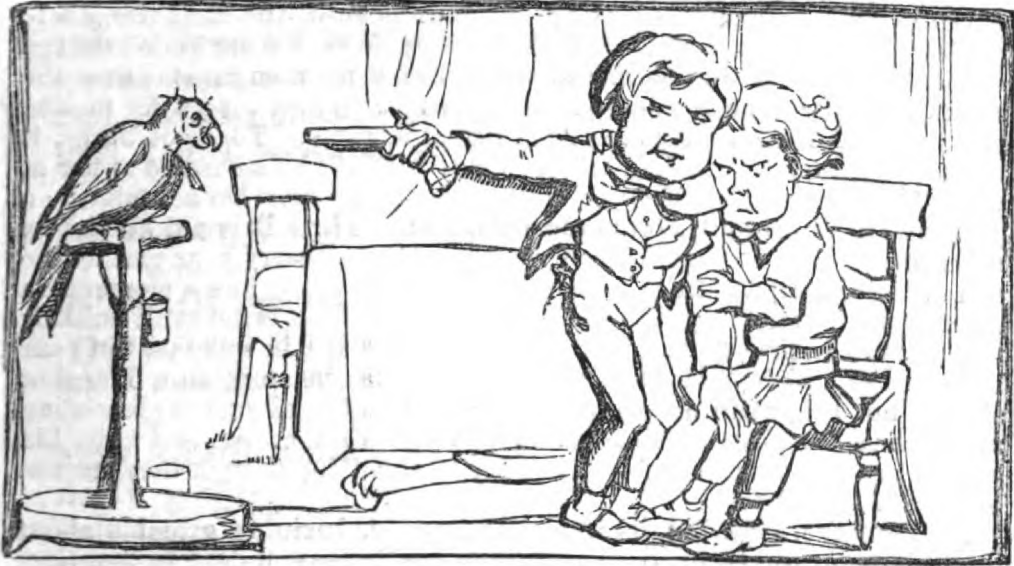
"Jes as ye like; look at this;" and so saying, Mr. Haley swung up the huge glass, and in a moment set it down empty. "I calls that almighty clever," said he, as he put down the glass, "and I'll take another when ye likes."

Negro hospitality is proverbial. The chicken fixings were despatched, the hoe cakes eaten, and, indeed, everything which Tom, in his thriving condition, could put before his guest, disappeared in a marvellously rapid manner. But business must also be proceeded with; and the fact that Mr. Haley, a descendant of the celebrated slave-owner of that name, was going to try to get into the House of Representatives, will explain his visit. Friendly with Tom, and knowing the high influence which the name of that black saint always carried with it, Haley had called for the purpose of persuading Tom to give him his vote. It was in consequence of this that the talk soon became confidential, and Tom and Haley, each dipping straws in the same sherry cobbler, sucked and talked politics to their heart's content, Haley "going in" for the annexation of Ireland to America, and Tom perfectly agreeing with him, and hoping that he would vote also for a project just starting, of conquering and annexing Africa; the soldiers for which purpose were to be entirely black, and Tom had himself been promised a company in the "Black Smugglers."

As they were engaged thus amicably, Chloe, the repository of her grandmother's tales, for Tom had married his cousin, came in, and to her delight saw black and white joined in this agreeable neutral tint; and other white and black piccaninnies playing together.

It was too much for Chloe: she cast up her hands and her eyes, shed tears of gratitude, and exclaimed, "O blessed Beecher Stowe, sainted Chloe, heavenly Uncle Tom! if you only libbed at this ere moment to witness the splendid 'fects of 'mancipation."

September.



PHEASANT SHOOTING COMMENCES.

- | | | |
|----|----|--|
| 1 | S | "Powder, wadding, dog and gun" business commences. |
| 2 | S | 13TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. |
| 3 | M | O. Cromwell d. 1658. Britannia loses her protector. |
| 4 | Tu | Riots at Manchester. Any relation to the Indian <i>Ryots</i> ? |
| 5 | W | Old Bartholemew. The city falling foul of him takes away his fair. |
| 6 | Th | Whapshot buys a brace of partridges, and swears he shot them. |
| 7 | F | Dr. Johnson b. 1709. When a baby, was fed upon stewed dictionaries. |
| 8 | S | W. sends brace of birds to his aunt, as part of his "sport." |
| 9 | S | 14TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. |
| 10 | M | Country cook, dressing the birds, finds they have been <i>snares</i> . |
| 11 | Tu | Lord Thurlow d. 1806. Oh law! law! law! |
| 12 | W | Elzevir, 1653. This type of typo's cuts his composing stick. |
| 13 | Th | Whapshot's aunt thinks <i>she</i> is made game of, and |
| 14 | F | Cuts Whapshot dead in the street. |
| 15 | S | Railways first opened, 1830. Things first put into train. |
| 16 | S | 15TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. |
| 17 | M | The unhappy Whapshot repents of his folly. |
| 18 | Tu | Reaumur d. 1757. N.B. Brother to Miss Romer. |
| 19 | W | <i>Ember Week</i> . Peace to its <i>ashes</i> . |
| 20 | Th | Whapshot cuts shooting, and buys a real rod and brass reel. |
| 21 | F | France decl. herself a repub. 1792. Then <i>La Belle</i> told a story. |
| 22 | S | Moon due south. Well, then, if due, it ought to be there. |
| 23 | S | 16TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. |
| 24 | M | In going fishing, Whapshot drops into a lock. |
| 25 | Tu | Porson d. 1808. "And out of his body there sprung a <i>Greek Tree</i> ." |
| 26 | W | <i>Holy Alliance</i> , 1815. Talleyrand, Young Nick, Metternich, and Old Nick. |
| 27 | Th | The lock not being a dead lock, he is luckily got out, |
| 28 | F | And determines never again to be a "sporting man." |
| 29 | S | St. Michael. Patron of goose clubs. Veterans slain and eaten. |
| 30 | S | 17TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. |

HINTS FOR THE MONTH.

SEPTEMBER.

HINTS TO SPORTSMEN.—Having got your license, the next thing is to get leave to shoot somewhere, which you may do by leaving your lodgings suddenly before having paid the rent; but this, though shooting the moon, is hardly to be considered fair sport. The best places for finding game are the dealers' shops in our principal markets. To shoot hares, it is not necessary to use hair-triggers, nor would it be advisable to fire at your eldest son, though then you might shoot an heir. Do not mistake a peasant for a pheasant, nor a crow for a black cock. It is not absolutely necessary to shut both eyes when you fire. Always carry your gun by the end of the barrel, and have it on full cock, so as not to lose a moment; a great saving of shot may also be effected this way, for it is not at all unlikely that you will receive them, by adhering to this advice, in some part of your body, out of which you can extract them and use them again. The shot should not be put into the gun before the powder, as such a proceeding might cause the piece to miss fire. Full dress, white cravat, and white kid gloves, are not indispensably necessary to shoot in, though they are not bad for ball practice.

TO FARMERS.—Having got in a good harvest, begin to grumble about the badness of the crops, the hardness of the times, and deplore that they are not now what they used to be when you were a boy.

PERSONAL DIARY OF MR. SEPTIMUS IVINS.

SEPTEMBER.

2nd. "Seek favours." Deserted by his mistress, Septimus turns to his aunt. He buys a fine fish to send her.

4th. "No permanent advantage from this day." Mr. Ivins gets acquainted with Smellsuit the lawyer. He tells him of the slanders of Brown, of the 46th.

5th. "Beware of female intrigue." His aunt is reconciled, and proposes to make it up with Miss Tallmast. Septimus refuses.

11th. "Choose this day." Mr. Ivins, on the advice of Smellsuit, commences an action—"Ivins *versus* Brown."

13th. "Unfortunate." Nevertheless the suit progresses favourably.

22. "Very uncertain." Various men of Brown's 46th send bullying letters to Ivins.

25th. "Beware of matrimony." Miss Biffles, having soothed Miss Tallmast, brings the lovers together. Ivins plays the injured man, although she is ready to name the day.

28. "Success will attend thy operations." Urged on by this, Ivins goes on still further with his suit, and awaits its trial with confidence.

THE SORT OF MAN THE LADIES LIKE,
WHICH MAY BE HOWLED TO THE TUNE OF "DARBY KELLY."

The sort of man the ladies like :
If fair or dark ; hair black or brown ;
Where, chiefly, do his virtues strike ?
His beard, is 't grizzled, or but down ?
Herculean form and giant height ?
Or is he, pray, a shorter man ?
Great, p'raps, in strength, or small of might—
In fine, what is the sort of man ?
The sort of man, the sort of man,
Who always please the ladies can,
Pray tell me now the sort of man,
I want to be a ladies' man.

His eyebrows pencilled, eyes dark blue ?
His voice so soft and winning, oh ?
His manners quite genteel, yet true,
With just a *shade* of sinning, oh ?
Is this the man to cut one out,
Or rob you of your daughter, man ?
Or is he ugly, short, and stout ?
In short, what is the sort of man ?
The sort of man, &c.

His forehead, is it high or low ?
His shoulders broad or narrow, oh ?
His legs, small, shapeless, and so so,
Or straight as any arrow, oh ?
A coward, or amongst the Turks
Must he have been a slaughterman ?
His heart, is 't very hard, or soft ?
In short, what is the sort of man ?
The sort of man, &c.

He 's very clever, oh ! of course,
His words are ever witty, oh.
Must he be high bred, like a horse,
Or a small man in the City, oh ?
He must have fortune—nay, though poor,
He 'll get some love, the naughty man ;
Nor always is 't, though *want* 's a bore,
The rich fool is the sort of man.
The sort of man, &c.

If rich or poor, Adonis faced,
 Or pale, hump-backed, and squinting, oh;
 Your coat in rags, or else gold laced,
 If love you would be hinting, oh,
 There's some kind heart will list to you,
 High, low, or meek, or haughty, man;
 And give you love, right firm and true,
 So you're, perchance, the sort of man.
 The sort of man, &c.

Then here's God bless the women, lad,
 Let's reverence them where'er ye go,
 Though ugly we may be, and bad,
 We'll find some heart to love us, oh.
 Not clever, ugly, old, and poor,
 Ye'll still find some to court ye, man,
 Be true to her, nor quit her more,
 And then you'll be the sort of man.
 The sort of man, the sort of man, &c.

PERSONAL DIARY OF MR. SEPTIMUS IVINS.

OCTOBER.

5th. "Martial affairs succeed." Brown, of the 46th, gets a round dozen of his to swear that they were present, and they "did not recollect" a word of the libel. Smellsuit, who has engaged Longjaw, Q.C., is pozed.

6. "Evil." Septimus is in great dread. Longjaw takes the men of the 46th in hand, and cross questions them. They contradict each other so, and are such visible false witnesses, that Ivins triumphs. Damages, 500*l*.

15th. "Doubtful in money matters." It now appears that Brown was not worth powder and shot. Ivins, therefore, has to pay his own costs, Brown and the 46th being sent hastily to Botany Bay.

26th. "Seek favours from great people." Ivins offers "500 thanks" to my Lord Vendplace for something under Government. My lord takes the "thanks" furnished by Ivins' aunt, and gives a promise.

30th. "Of doubtful issue." Ivins, in doubt and trouble, begins to doubt Raphael, and lights a cigar.

October.



OXFORD TERM BEGINS—TOWN AND GOWN.

- | | | |
|----|----|---|
| 1 | M | London University op. 1828. <i>Collegisse juvat.</i> |
| 2 | Tu | Night increa. 5 hours. The night keeps it up and gets jolly. |
| 3 | W | Alfieri d. 1803. <i>All fiery</i> , a celebrated pyrotechnist. |
| 4 | Th | You may now expect a brace of pheasants from country friends. |
| 5 | F | Apoplectic reader of this almanac dies. Choked by a joke. |
| 6 | S | <i>Faith.</i> Sausages first stuffed. All stuff! pickles! |
| 7 | S | 18TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. |
| 8 | M | Erskine d. Whose kid? |
| 9 | Tu | Tremendous stagnation in the pun trade, 1854. |
| 10 | W | If the pheasants don't come, buy them, and say your friends sent them. |
| 11 | Th | Murat shot. Last bullet in of " <i>le plus brave des braves.</i> " |
| 12 | F | Nat. Gds. v. Lon. 1848. Tremendous fraternization in <i>Lesterre Squarrre</i> , |
| 13 | S | Fire Insurance <i>due.</i> Don't have the assurance to do the insurance. |
| 14 | S | 19TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. |
| 15 | M | Dr. Gill d. 1771. Of the same kidney as Cæsar, a heavy common tator. |
| 16 | Tu | H. of Com. on fire, 1834. Not set light to by the <i>wits</i> of the members. |
| 17 | W | Wilkes b. 1727. No relation of pickled wilks of the present day. |
| 18 | Th | Smith O'Brien convicted, 1848. Qy. Of being mad or a fool. |
| 19 | F | A safe prophecy for every day of the year. "A railway accident occurs." |
| 20 | S | Batt. of Navarino. England and France do in 1827, what they wish |
| 21 | S | 20TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. [undone, 1854.] |
| 22 | M | Length of night, 13h. 48m. A long night. Qy. The Black Knight? |
| 23 | Tu | Royal Exchange. |
| 24 | W | Sir Jas. Mackintosh b. 1765. Inventor of the waterproof. |
| 25 | Th | Batt. of Agincourt fought. In consequence of the New Beer Act. |
| 26 | F | Kneller d. 1726. The son of the easel, ill at ease, soon causes a knell(er). |
| 27 | S | Alfred the Great d. 900. Since condemned to be perpetually burning |
| 28 | S | 21ST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. [cakes at the R. A.] |
| 29 | M | Hare hunting begins. Now's the time to buy wigs. |
| 30 | Tu | Fire at the Tower, 1841. N.B. If you do you can't well miss it. |
| 31 | W | Peace Meeting at Exeter Hall, 1848. Like a battle, it ends in smoke. |

HINTS FOR THE MONTH.

OCTOBER.

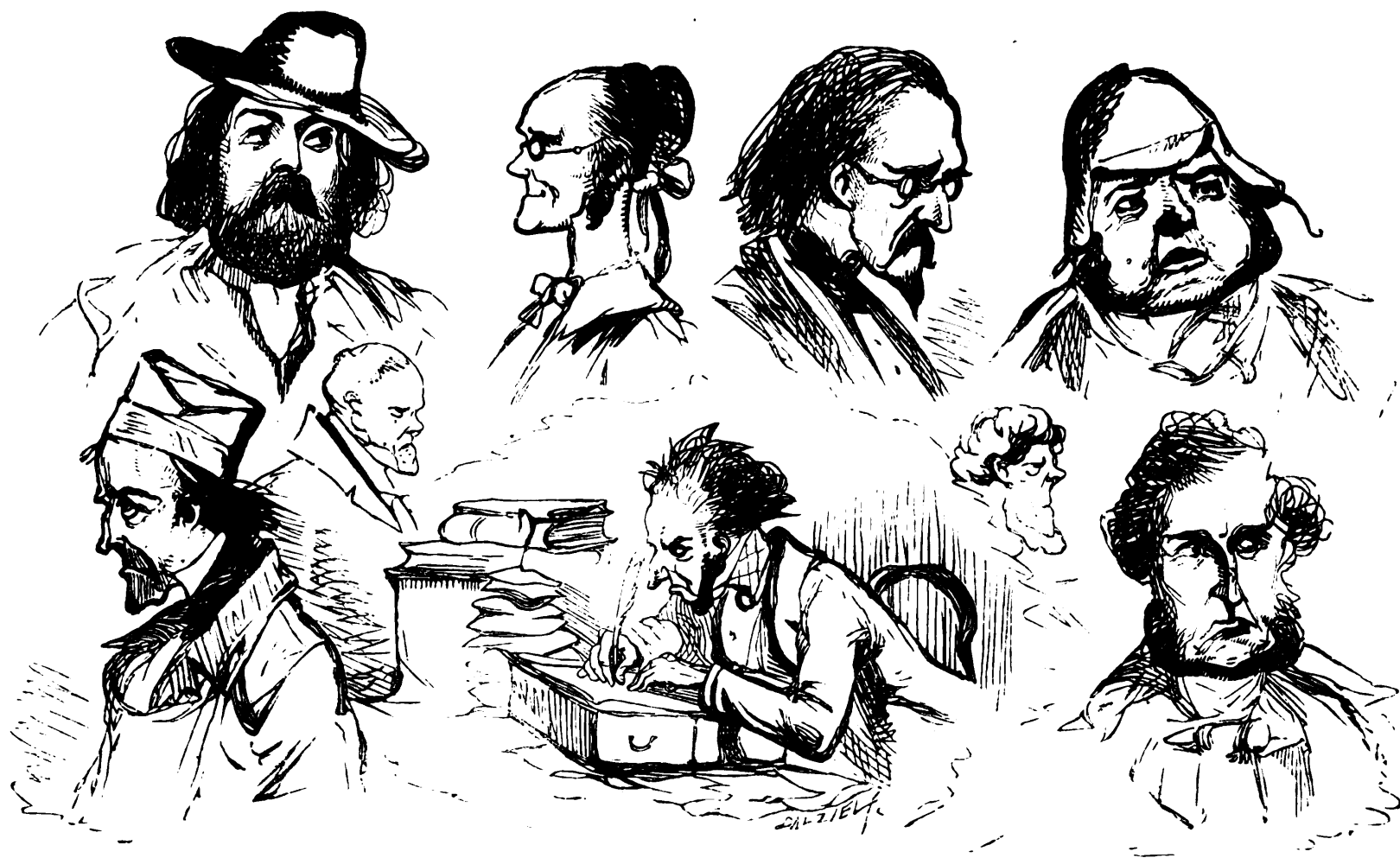
GENERAL OBSERVATIONS. — This month is like most others, that is to say, it has thirty-one days in it, and the usual allowance of light and dark. It is also famous for its ale; indeed, it is a hale month altogether, and brings up the rear of autumn in capital style, if it is not wet or frosty, or foggy, as it is most likely to be in this genial climate. There is nothing upon which to give particular advice, unless it is one thing, namely number one, which should be especially taken care of, not, perhaps, more so now than at any other, and at all times. The leaves will all have left the trees, and they will be like empty chests, nothing but bare trunks. If you have plenty of money, enough to eat and drink, warm clothing, and a good lodging, you will not want much more during the month of October.

WRITING TO THE "TIMES."

AIR—" *When a man travels.*"

Let a man travel and stop at an inn,
'Tis there that, poor fellow, his troubles begin;
Chambermaid, ostler, or landlord, or boots,
He finds them all trying to cheat him, the brutes.





WRITING TO THE "TIMES."

Bed very dear; shocking bad beer;
 At night away, fight away flea, flea.
 Dinner so bad; wine very sad;
 "This inn, sir, will never suit me, me."
 Wanted some tea, ordered Bohea,
 Found that they gave me but sloe, sloe.
 When the bill came—quite in a flame—
 Oh, there was a terrible go, go.
 "Write to the *Times*, show up your crimes,
 Expose you the country all round, round.
 Quite tit for tat: you're ruined, that's flat,
 Nor will you like that, I'll be bound, bound."

Let a man travel and go by the rail,
 Or determine to Antwerp or Calais to sail,
 He finds that sea sickness his temper destroys,
 And that waiting for trains is not one of earth's joys.
 Boat very small, not room for all;
 Rumblely, grumblely, fuss, fuss.
 Told captain about it, and p'raps you will doubt it,
 He said "that he cared not a cuss, cuss."
 Train very late, shocking to state,
 Ten minutes after the bill, bill;
 Wife in a fuss, thinks there's a crush;
 Quite mad at the thought go she will, will.
 So write to the *Times*, &c.

You may live in the town, amid stench and smell,
 If out at Tyburnia all very well,
 Yet you'll find your pet parish remarkably dear
 In rates and in taxes; your course is quite clear.
 Nuisance in fact, all through the act,
 The streets never watered, all dust, dust;
 Blacks spoil your clothes, smells stop your nose,
 Things must be remedied, must, must.
 Then t'other day, what shall I say,
 'Tis always the case, sir, in town, town,
 Boy with a broom dared to presume
 To ask for a copper or brown, brown.
 So write to the *Times*, &c.

On Sundays respectable people, 'tis said,
 Dress as well as they can, lying later in bed;

D

Then eat a good breakfast, and then go to church,
 Where their sins are recanted and left in the lurch.
 When 'tis "place very strange, saw him arrange
 (The parson) his surplice or gown, gown,
 Very queer way; what's this? I say,
 I fear he's a Puseyite gown, gown.
 Service intoned, wax candles boned
 From the catholic oilshop next door, door;
 Genreflections and bows—guess there 'll be rows,
 If I see Popish tricks any more, more;
 For I'll write to the *Times*, &c.

The police are not wary, the cabmen are wrong,
 I'm afraid there's no end to my very long song;
 The butchers charge highly, and dear is the bread,
 And they won't even bury you cheaply when dead.
 Bonnets and caps, bought by the chaps
 For sisters or spouses, oh, my, my!
 Cost such swinging sums; look very glum,
 When the figures they find are so high, high.
 If you get rather tipsy, and quite forget *ipse*,
 And get fined the next day by police, lice;
 At the magistrate there, one does little but swear—
 In short, our complaints never cease, cease.
 So, write to the *Times*; show the world's crimes,
 And rush on to crush 'em that's flat, flat;
 Complain of your betters, in ton loads of letters,
 "Mr. Editor," sure, will like that, that.
 Write to the *Times*, show up their crimes;
 Expose you the country all, round, round.
 Quite tit for tat: 'tis your ruin that's flat,
 Ner will you like that I'll be bound, bound.

THE VOICES OF THE STARS.

The voices of the stars are generally to be listened to, if at the West-End and in Her Majesty's Opera. If, however, they proceed from Mr. Anderson or Mr. Rancus Spangles, tragedians, in certain city playhouses, we should give no heed to them.

WHAT THEY OUGHT TO DO TO THE OFFICERS OF THE 46TH.—*Russ*-ticate them.

November.



THE GREAT GUY OF 1855.

1	Th	Monetary difficulties, 1847. From which we yet suffer.
2	F	Angelica Kauffman (R. A. of the Royal Artillery, d.) 1807.
3	S	The man who read Alison's Europe through died of exhaustion, 1830.
4	S	22ND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
5	M	Guy Fawkes. Several little boys blow their noses—off.
6	Tu	The reader is here requested to make a joke for himself.
7	W	Batt. of Prague, 1620. In music read <i>plague</i> .
8	Th	Ed. Halley, as an astronomer, afterwards to <i>comet</i> strong.
9	F	<i>Lord Mayor's Day</i> . Good entertainment for man and beast.
10	S	Man of Ross d. 1754. No relation to <i>Barberossa</i> . Oh, Barber Ross!
11	S	23RD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
12	M	Baxter d. 1615. Inventor of the oil prints.
13	Tu	Geo. Fox d. Gone goose with the Quaker.
14	W	Anne Bol. m. 1532. After bullying the Pope, Hen. got bulled himself.
15	Th	Old Parr d. from an overdose of his own pills, 1635.
16	F	Old Ma d. through swallowing the box.
17	S	Elizabeth began to reign. Virgo in the ascendant.
18	S	24TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
19	M	Peter Bayle d. 1647. Death packs up his bale.
20	Tu	People who expect Christmas parcels begin to look up country friends.
21	W	Princess Royal b. 1840. A gift to John Bull.
22	Th	John Knox d. 1572. The grave lets him in.
23	F	Perkin Warbeck ex. 1499. Tossing for a crown he lost by a head.
24	S	This day may be foggy or fine, rain or sunshine.
25	S	25TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
26	M	Great storm in England, 1703. Probably about the taxes.
27	Tu	Bristol riots, 1831. Not by Tom of Lincoln, but by Thom of Bristol.
28	W	Cardinal Wolsey d. 1530. An instance of the gratitude of monarchs.
29	Th	Poles compass their freedom, 1830. Compass turns from the poles.
30	F	St. Andrew. First player on the Scotch fiddle.

HINTS FOR THE MONTH.

NOVEMBER.

HINTS TO THE MELANCHOLY.—This month is peculiarly suited to persons of a melancholy disposition, from its delightful fogs and darkness. The best way to pass the month is to take a house in the neighbourhood of a morass, where the drainage is bad, and the atmosphere generally unhealthy. Read several novels from the pen of Mr. G. P. R. James, slightly varied by the lugubrious and unwholesome writing of P. Q. R. Reynolds. Eat opium, and wear thin clothing, always taking a walk in the evening without your hat, go to bed after eating underdone pork chops for supper. Watch funerals, and afterwards pay one halfpenny to go on Waterloo Bridge, and jump into the river at midnight, taking care to have no address card about you. This is really enjoying the month of November.

TO THE YOUNGER BRANCHES.—Buy squibs and gunpowder, which secrete in different parts of the house with lucifer matches and fusees. Put fireworks in the kitchen-range before the fire is lighted. Tie crackers to the coat-tails of elderly uncles. Burn fingers, and singe eyebrows.

TO ALDERMEN.—Live abstemiously for several days previous to the 9th, when dress in laughable costume, and go in procession to Westminster Hall, and afterwards dine at Guildhall. Eat of everything on the table, and drink out of all the bottles near you; the more you take the merrier you will be, and the worse on the following day, which encourages trade by putting the chemists and druggists to work. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good, therefore, though you may suffer with the spasms, it may be the means of some "starving apothecary" getting a dinner. What is one man's bane is another's antidote, and as the bane of one man will be the antidote for your bane, never mind if your bane is his antidote.

AN "S" ENTIAL DIFFERENCE.—The old-looking type which printers are at present so very fond of, has led to some curious and interesting "new readings;" thus the question now agitating the world becomes, with the aid of the long ff,—

DEFEAT OF THE RUFFIANS!

and the new work by the authoress of "Uncle Tom," becomes

MRS. STOWE'S "FUNNY MEMORIES."

We cannot but think, however, that in both cases, the readings are improvements.

ON HER MAJESTY'S FORTY-SIXTH REGIMENT,

Lately Lying at Windsor.

"The army's morals sure are bad;"

Such now-a-day's the speech of many;

"They lie,"* says G—tt; "Morals, faith!

Our regiment never yet had any."

* The Editor apologizes for language, which is, however, always in the mouth of the *gallant* speaker—"Don't you remember."

PERSONAL DIARY OF MR. SEPTIMUS IVINS.

NOVEMBER.

6th. "Deal not with lawyers." Ivins avoids Smellsuit, who comes to tell him that he finds that Brown does not come to his estate till he is twenty-three, and that his guardian has money.

7th. "Very evil." Reading Smellsuit's note, he is determined, at a favourable time, to proceed against Brown's estate or guardian.

10th. "Ask favours." He again jogs the memory of Lord Vendplace.

16th. "Raphael points to this day as favourable." He again seeks Miss Tallmast and Smellsuit. They are both from home.

20th. "The eclipse this day denotes uncertainty." What with uncertainty on one day, and evil on the other, the unfortunate Septimus begins to find that Raphael would cheat him of half his year, and, moreover, is generally wrong. Mr. Smellsuit calls and takes instructions.

28th. "Sign deeds." Septimus has no deeds to sign, but he writes a letter to Vendplace, reminding him of the "500 thanks."

30th. "Beware of speculation." Septimus, who begins to doubt Raphael, thinks that this cannot apply to him. He visits Miss Tallmast—is reconciled; and, urged on by his aunt, begs her to name the day. She says the 24th of next month. Septimus is in ecstasy, and rushes home to consult Raphael.

How to COLOUR A PIPE.—As young men now-a-days pride themselves upon the colour of their pipes, the following direction may be of use to them:—

Pipes are not blackened like boots—Day and Martin are, therefore, no use. To produce a fine colour, you may first grease your pipe, then hold it over the mouth of a slanderer, or in the face of a scolding woman. A shorter way will be to rub it against the beard of a tar, or on the character of a fast man: to make it brown, visit the Cider Cellars for fifteen minutes, and it will be thoroughly done.

When is a drunkard like a bird?—When he's a gray plover (grape lover.)

What would form the lightest possible supper?—The Feast of Lanterns.

CELEBRATED CONUNDRUM PROPHECY.

Anxious to establish an undying fame, Zadkiel prophesies with the utmost assurance the following perfectly new conundrums, which he hereby assures his readers will be asked at at least one thousand different firesides during the Christmas week.

WONDERFUL AND NEW CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why does a miller wear a white hat?
2. When is a door not a door?
3. Which is the left side of a round plum-pudding?
4. Why is your nose like the c in vicinity?
5. When is a man thinner than a lath?
6. Why is a loaf on the top of St. Paul's like a racer?
7. When is a dog's tail not a dog's tail.

Having given the magic number of seven, Zadkiel at once gives the perfectly unheard-of answers.

1. To keep his head warm.
2. When it is a-jar.
3. That which is not eaten.
4. Because it's between two i's.
5. When he's a shaving.
6. Because it is high bread.
7. When it's a wagging (waggon).

THE EXPRESS TRAIN TO SUCCESS.—Industry and determination.

THE MOST POPULAR BILL AT CHRISTMAS.—The Play-bill.

The best way to get rid of a creditor, and in many cases the least troublesome method, is—to pay him.

HOW TO BE CHEERFUL DURING THE YEAR.—Constantly consult your "Comic Zadkiel."

If a person loses his life by the effluvia from a London sewer, can his life be said to be *extink'd*.

CONTRACTING FOR BAD HABITS.—Taking six suits, per contract, from a cheap tailor.

THE BEST MATCH MAKER.—Money.

A PLEA-SURE train.—Getting into Chancery.

Why is an irritable man like an ex-fashionable doctor?—Because he has lost his patience.

If Cardinal Wiseman wishes to be Pope, why is his ambition reasonable?—Because he hopes to reach that Vat-he-can (Vatican).

N.B.—The Editor begs to say that he won't be responsible for this very unfinished specimen of a conundrum.

December.



ZADKIEL'S CHRISTMAS BOX.

- | | | |
|----|----|--|
| 1 | S | Creditors begin to "look up" for Christmas bills. |
| 2 | S | 1ST SUNDAY IN ADVENT. |
| 3 | M | James II. cuts his stick rather than lose his head, 1688. |
| 4 | Tu | Council of Trent finish making the meshes of their net, 1563. |
| 5 | W | Lay in your jokes for the end of the month. |
| 6 | Th | Henry Jenkins d. aged 169. Age much above Parr. |
| 7 | F | The king murders Algernon Sydney, 1683. People being used to these |
| 8 | S | tyrannies, put up with it. |
| 9 | S | 2ND SUNDAY IN ADVENT. |
| 10 | M | In determining to spend a happy Christmas, Mr. Goodchap first visits |
| 11 | Tu | his poorer neighbours, and lays up boxes of coals. |
| 12 | W | Brunel of tunnel notoriety. Sinks a shaft for himself, 1849. |
| 13 | Th | Dr. Johnson, the great Dictator of the Republic of Letters, d. 1784. |
| 14 | F | Mr. Goodchap finds that a few blankets planted on the beds of the |
| 15 | S | poor, are a fine tonic for the spirits. |
| 16 | S | 3RD SUNDAY IN ADVENT. |
| 17 | M | The greatest king, without the name, Cromwell ascend. 1656. |
| 18 | Tu | Send invitations for Christmas Day. Look up poor relations. |
| 19 | W | Failures in London '47. All through the absence of Zadkiel. |
| 20 | Th | France in a fit of abstraction takes another Nap. 1818. |
| 21 | F | Kepler b. 1571. Like a manager always looking out for stars. |
| 22 | S | As winter is said to commence to-morrow, look out summer clothing. |
| 23 | S | 4TH SUNDAY IN ADVENT. |
| 24 | M | Duke of Guise assass. 1588, by ruffians in <i>disguise</i> . |
| 25 | Tu | <i>Christmas Day.</i> |
| 26 | W | Goodchap having invited those he ought to, instead of his stuck-up |
| 27 | Th | friends, emphatically declares he spent "A merry Christmas!" |
| 28 | F | Great Frost, 1709. A fair for the fair on the Thames. |
| 29 | S | If you have done well this year, hope for better the next, and study |
| 30 | S | 1ST SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS. [Zadkiel. |
| 31 | M | Malthus, so poli.-economical that he would not let the poor marr. d. 1834. |

HINTS FOR THE MONTH.

DECEMBER.

As this month is the last of the year, and as no one should go beyond his last, we ought always to endeavour to spend it well. To do this, the readiest way is to ensure an immense amount of happiness for yourself and everybody else by being no otherwise than merry and wise. If you dine at home upon Christmas-day, do not forget to ask your poor relations, make yourself happy with them, and you will not regret the dinner at Figgins', although his wines are better than you can afford, and his dinner service is of silver. The best service one can dress one's table with is service of your poorer fellows. People who have tried it declare that for half a sovereign or for even five shillings (given away to those in want) an immense appetite can be purchased. One trial will prove the fact.

HINTS TO LADIES.—December is generally very cold, and it is a curious fact that the thinner the clothing the more the cold is felt. Warm flannels are the best to remedy this, and a due proportion of these dealt out to the poor and deserving are capital Christmas-boxes. A hundred of coals has been known to be accepted with avidity, and the warmth of the Christmas blaze thus obtained has been reflected in a rich parlour and a rich man's heart for many a long mile. Little feet sometimes also want shoes and stockings, and little arms and legs may be cured of chilblains by opportune clothing.

TO FAMILY PARTIES AT CHRISTMAS.—Don't bring up any old grievances. Let everybody try to be jolly. Think that the next year all may not meet again, and try to make the meeting as pleasant as possible. Old people should look especially kindly on the young, and the young on the old. Young people who are betrothed to each other, may get into corners, where they will find much amusement in admiring the mistletoe. The curious effect which this parasitical plant has when held over the head of a pretty girl is very extraordinary. Partners for life are at liberty to try this, and will find that some very pleasant recollections may be occasioned by it.

CHRISTMAS HINTS.

TO THE COOK.—Don't spoil the pudding.

TO THE MASTER.—Don't be cross if dinner is late.

TO THE BUTLER.—Produce the very best wine, and don't shake the "old crusted Port."

TO ALL ENGAGED.—"Holly" rhymes with "jolly," and melancholy is downright "folly."

In what mood would a keel-hauled Chinese seaman be.—The sub-junk-tive.

Why is the Venus de Medicis like the last song?—Because she's a nudity (new ditty).

Why should military men be disciples of Lavater?—Because they are taught early to write about face.

PERSONAL DIARY OF MR. SEPTIMUS IVINS.

DECEMBER.

1st. "Favourable for martial men." On the contrary, Mr. Smellsuit succeeds in the action against Brown and guardian, and gets a judge's order for payment.

2nd. "Beware of lawyers." Not a bit of it. Septimus congratulates Smellsuit, and gives a dinner to him and Counsellor Longjaw.

7th. "Unfavourable." He meets Lypey Josephs, who presumes to offer him some money.

11th. "Void." Wrong again: Septimus meets Smellsuit and the adverse lawyer, and has damages, costs, and interest thereon, paid out of the Brown estate.

14th. "Seek favours from elderly persons." He has an interview with Lord Vendplace, who promises to do something at once for him.

11th. "Favourable for military men." On this day Ivins afterwards hears that Lieutenant Brown, of the 46th, is killed, roasted, and eaten, by the aborigines of the Botany Bay settlement.

16th. Notwithstanding this day is "Evil" in Raphael, Ivins receives a deed from his aunt, Miss Biffles, which conveys to him one hundred per annum, secured in the three per cents. He is delighted, and rushes to thank his aunt.

18th. "Defer matters of importance." Raphael be hung! He goes to Doctors Commons, and finds that the late — Tallmast, Esq., of Ipsisima Lodge, has left his daughter Jemima three hundred per annum, settled tightly upon herself. Ivins is again delighted.

21st. "The omens are not favourable." Of course not: Ivins receives a letter from Lord Vendplace, telling him that he has secured him a rising situation in the "Stamps and Taxes," commencing at 200*l.* per annum. Ivins is perfectly overwhelmed with his good fortune, and rushes to communicate it to his aunt, who tells him that he has now just enough to begin with. Ivins thinks he has.

23rd. "Sign no deeds." Ivins, who has lost faith in Raphael, boldly puts his hand to the marriage settlement.

24th. "The aspect of Saturn mars all other influences." Nothing can be more false. Can it mar the influence of Jemima Tallmast in a white lace bonnet and orange blossoms? — of aunt Biffles, radiant with ribbons, flowers, and smiles?

— of Jack Spraggs, the funny groomsman?—of the four beauteous bridesmaids, each with their tears ready, and smelling-salts to follow? Can it mar the influence of Loo Ivins, Septimus' sister, who is one of them, over the heart of the clever and rising Smellsuit, who is a friend of the groom, and who makes the best, but longest, speech at the breakfast? Can it mar the general happiness of the occasion? Ivins thanks his stars that he is free from the abominable and debasing superstition, and formally burns Raphael, and devotes himself to his conjugal duties, to the Stamps and Taxes, to making others and himself happy, and to reading Zadkiel—the foe, and, it is to be hoped, the extinguisher of Raphael.

THE GREAT VALUE OF A "LITTLE TIME."

The philosopher Tupper, about whom we don't care tuppence, he being proverbially stupid as to proverbs, has remarked that "time flies;" a sage and new remark: he goes on to say, "great is the value of time," another remark which he gives us gratis, and which, therefore, "goes for nothing."

Tupper has, however, done one good thing in his life, *i. e.*, he has urged us to write the following remarks, being hints for those who spend time too recklessly. Fast young men, who crowd a whole life, and such a life! into a few brief months, and who try to kill the old fellow, Time, calling him a bore, in a very pig-headed way, and likening him to a perpetual auctioneer, always knocking things down, will, probably, see a moral in our remarks, and the more all of them do so the better.

Poor old Time! notwithstanding the abuse he has to put up with, and no one is more abused, has yet a great number of good qualities which fully outweigh the way he has of always running on so. Poor old fellow, who has not asked for a little of him? Let us begin with—

Mr. Akseptor Doobil is a needy individual, to whom time is of the greatest worth. He has various small strips of paper, fancifully termed "kites," flying about for a few months—which "kites" are supposed, by the credulous in such matters, to represent a certain amount of the current coin of the realm; but, at the expiration of the flight of these "kites," the fallacy of this belief is proved by the non-ability of Mr. Doobil to take



up the kites by putting *down* the money. Time here comes to his aid: he begs a little time to meet his liabilities; by dint of able lying, he obtains this desideratum, and his liabilities never meet him, and he goes on with time again.

The ardent lover throws himself and fortune at the feet of his beloved mistress, urging his suit in the terms he thinks most suitable—to the lady for whom he is a suitor. The fair lady, fairly taken aback, requires a “little time” to whisper, “Ask papa,” and he suggests the waiting of a short time further, to learn the bent of each other’s inclinations, so as not to make a crooked match of it after all.

Mr. Bloonose Beeswing, the great city man, who has more mine shares of his own than I have of mine, buys a pipe of port which he knows a “little time” will set all right; and when that time has expired, he makes himself comfortable in the library, because it is cool and the weather is hot, and with his bandana carefully disposed over his shining bald head to prevent the flies settling on his venerable crown, he sips the port, winking and chuckling to himself that he knew he was right, the wine only wanted a little time to make a fine bodied port.

Flittermus, the great poet and playwright—that is to say, who will be so after the lapse of a little time, and who, until that period, contrives to get a bare existence from the miseries of his fellow men, by retailing, at so much per line, accidents, fires, murders, and suicides, and is confident that in a “little time” publishers and managers must see what stuff is

in him—has to beg a little time of those who have outstanding bills against him, and who will stand it no longer.

Then there is Scumble the artist, pallid as his pallet, savage as a landscape by Rosa (not Lee, but Salvator), and as finely drawn as a cartoon by Tenniel; he wants “a little time;” with that phrase he associates the idea of being an associate, and has a ray of hope as to R.A. after his name; a little time will convince the hanging committee to hang him on a line, although he is now lying *perdu*. A “little time” will be the best varnish in the world for his crude pictures, and like a cook, will make his “raw greens” presentable; so that by the time Scumble has mastered his art, his works will be reckoned with those of the old masters.

The wasted invalid, slowly rising from a bed of sickness—thought to be the last bed upon which he would have tossed in this life—clings fondly to the hope that a little time will set him up again in health, and enable him to go on once more in the great game of life, and set his bark all trim along the stream, which runs only towards death.

The unfortunate, bewildered, and tremendously sick landsman, who is induced, because it is “so bracing,” to trust himself a little way out to sea—and who now wishes the British Channel had been to him a *mare clausum*, so much does he suffer from the “mal de mer”—appreciates to the utmost the value of time. How he looks forward to the hour when all the thumping, bumping, pitching, tossing, rolling, driving, heaving, and the rest, which serve to bring his heart into his mouth every instant, shall cease, and when his terror on the sea shall be exchanged for *terra firma*; how he wonders what sort of cast-iron people they must be who enjoy a life on the ocean wave, or who can experience any sense of freedom from being afloat.

The very learned judge, who has got as much crammed into his head as he has hung on the outside of it, though sometimes the interior lining is not worth as much as the exterior covering, takes a little time to consider his judgment upon some knotty point on which he has heard a string of arguments, the thread of which he has lost in the tangle of words into which it has been got by the big-wigs, neither of whom likes to be worsted by his fellow. In short, the well and the sick, the good, bad, and indifferent, one and all rely upon the efficacy of time to achieve some object. The schoolboy looks forward to

the time when he shall become a man—the man to the time when he shall have made a fortune, and then to the time when he shall be free from the gout; and then—why then Time himself reverses the order, and looks after the individual, instead of being looked after. Miss in her teens awaits the time she shall become a wife—the wife that she shall become a mother. The mother looks forward to the time when her daughters shall become wives and mothers, and on to the “last syllable of recorded time.”

Time is therefore not so bad a fellow after all; and when any one of us, man, woman, or child, finds him or her self in a “fix,” let no one rush into despair; for the fix of time, like the fixture of bandoline, comes frequently out of curl; therefore let us be patient, hope on still, and before doing anything rash, take

A LITTLE TIME TO CONSIDER.



THE CZAR OF RUSSIA CONSULTS THE PROPHET ZADKIEL.

SCENE—*A Heath near Tobolsk. Zadkiel (who is as good as three witches at once), is performing a dance, indicative of his intense self-admiration.*

Well done! thank me for my pains,
Everyone shall share i' the gains.
I have got a jolly knack,
And *can* make an almanac.

Wit and satire, put in those,
 Mix them up with a quelque chose;
 Fun and humour, and good nature,
 No sharp critic then will rate you;
 And 'bove everything d' ye see,
 Keep away vulgarity.
 If you want to get some pelf,
 Don't talk too much of yourself;
 Leave the ingredients alone,
 And serve the stuff up when 'tis done:
 Then subscribers will, 'tis clear,
 Come and buy another year.

[During this time he goes through the cauldron scene, in dumb show.]

By the pricking of my thumbs,
 Something wicked this way comes.

[Enter with immense hauteur, and boots to match, the Emperor of Russia.]

Czar. How now, professor of the blackest art,
 What is 't you do?

Zad. 'Tis just now a book
 I'm making; of it who shall quaff
 Shall straightway fall into a hearty laugh.

Czar. Laughter, I hate it. I've not laughed for months.
 Let every man be solemn in all Russia.
 Who laughs shall lose his head. Great Zadkiel,
 Show me the future; give me power, I pray,
 To beat both France and England. Blow a storm;
 Confound and swallow all their navies up;
 Send all their armies into limbo straight;
 Curse Austria, throw Prussia to the dogs, and Sweden
 Freeze to the Pole; America, O great St. Olga,
 Let that free country fall beneath my sword!
 Burn Africa beneath the torrid zone;
 Break China into pieces; shiver Spain;
 And Portugal be jiggered. Let me reign
 Sole monarch of a trembling, crouching world.

Zad. It can't be done, great monarch, at the price,
 Although I dare say you would think it nice.

Czar. Dost know the future? You're a prophet?

Zad. Rather.

Czar. Then show it me, before we gossip farther.

Zad. Say, wouldst thou rather see, or rather hear it?

Czar. Show it at once, and do not think I fear it.

[Zadkiel performs the usual stage business, and an apparition of Austria, armed, arises. Nicholas starts in the best manner of Mr. Bland.]

Czar. Ah, me! deceitful power!

Zad. She knows thy thought.

App. Beware the alliance triple! 'Tis enough!

And now I'll cut away—he's in a huff.

Czar. Whate'er thou art, for thy good counsel thanks;
Thou hast harped my fears aright. But one word more.

[Apparition descends.]

Zad. Don't, Czar. She won't be hurried.

Another peep will't have? You're rather flurried.

[An apparition of the murdered Paul rises.]

App. O Romanoff, Romanoff!

Czar. I've got two ears, and hear thee.

App. Be bold and cruel; no harm can arise

'Till France and England shall be firm allies.

Czar. There lies my game! for I shall grasp my prey;
I'll double my assurance, and will sleep
Secure, in spite of Urquhart. England! France!
The same who fought so well at Waterloo;
Who hate each other! Now I'm cock-a-hoop.
Who shall unperch me? Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing. Tell me, if your art
Can tell so much, Shall Poland's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

Zad. Seek to know no more.

Czar. I will be satisfied.

[Zadkiel again "does" the magician, waving his divining wand, and otherwise performing incantations which may be seen in any Pantomime.]

Show! show! show!

Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;

Come like shadows, so depart.

[Eight ghosts appear, and pass over the stage in order, the last with a glass in his hand. The Czar, delighted at having a point, cuts an attitude à la Charles Kean.]

Czar. Thou art too like the spirit of Poland: down!
Thy crown does sear mine eyeballs, and thy air—

Ah! the Crimea, which in Ninety-two
 Our Catherine conquered. Crowned!
 Ah, Warsaw! now, indeed, the crime's avenged
 Old Paskievitch committed. Wretched Zad!
 Why dost thou show this? Ah, Sebastopol,
 That fortress taken? Ay, and following that
 Silistria, from which my legions crouched,
 Like beaten hounds retreating; and still yet,
 The Caucasus a kingdom, and the sea
 (Which I in bragging called a Russian lake)
 Open to all. I'll see no more—no more;
 And yet an eighth appears, the pois'ner Orloff—
 'Twill be Orloff with me—he bears a glass,
 In which is morphia, mixed with other drugs,
 As Prussian acid, ay, and British lead:
 And now a cloud comes forth on which is written
 DEATH! 'tis all off with Romanoff. Adieu!

[*He falls prostrate, à la Macready. Zadkiel rejoices;
 and the three witches, Paulovitch, Paskievitch, and
 the Czarovitch, transform themselves off, by becoming
 Menshikoff, Demidoff, and somebody else off. The
 scene closes.*]

AN ARTICLE ON COOKERY,
 NICELY COOKED BY ALEXIS SOYER.

A good cook is a benefit to society. Next to a good dinner, is the capability to cook it well. Zadkiel has his cook, of course; and thus the culinary custodian speaks.

To BOIL FOWL AND HAM.—Procure a large-sized capon, the older the better; pluck it and truss it, having, of course, killed it first; then wash it well in Eau de Cologne, and boil it in four gallons of cream for about three days; serve with bread-sauce flavoured with attar of roses, and garnish the dish with pine-apples. Select a plump Westphalia ham, which soak for twenty-four hours in a butt of port wine; take it out, and suspend it over a pan containing burning sulphur. Have ready a saucepan, in which is boiling twelve-dozen of Hockheimer: put in the ham, and boil until it becomes a jelly, when the ham will be thoroughly done.

To COOK ACCOUNTS.—Take several ledgers and day-books belonging to a “losing concern;” deduct from the debtor side,



ZADKIEL REVEALS THE FUTURE TO NICHOLAS.

and add to the credit. Confuse dates, and alter orders. Work up an estimate on paper, and only show certain pages of the books. Talk a great deal about industry, the service of the public, and no desire for self-aggrandisement. This will turn out well if skilfully managed, especially at a public meeting.

TO MAKE PRESERVES.—Get a large tract of land, well wooded, fence it round, and forbid anyone to enter it; shoot all who attempt to do so, and you will produce a very good preserve in a short time.

A SPEEDY PLAN OF COOKING A DINNER.—Boil the fish and vegetables in the soup, and send the meat to the baker's.

BOILED MUTTON, PLAIN.—Procure a large leg of mutton; boil for about ten minutes, and eat out of the saucepan without bread or vegetables. This is the plainest way of having boiled mutton.

TO MAKE JELLIES, &c.—Procure fifty or sixty calves' feet, or as many pounds of glue; stew for several weeks in fifteen quarts of fine old Madeira; strain through a lambs'-wool bag embroidered with pearls, and the juice of three boxes of lemons, five ditto of oranges, and fifty bunches of hot-house grapes: serve up cold with hot melted butter and parsley.

A CHEAP CAKE.—To one handful of flour add three currants, two carraway-seeds, and a pint of cold water; stiffen with plaster of Paris, and bake in a cool oven.

A WORKING MAN'S FAMILY DINNER.—A good fish dinner for a large family may be made as follows. Take one red herring, half an onion, a grain of salt, and two grains of pepper: burn in a saucepan for some minutes; then add hot water, say, two quarts, if there are more than ten in the family; if only that number, one pint and a half will be sufficient: boil for two hours: serve and eat scalding hot.

A good dinner for a poor man may be made of the following:—

SOUPS.		
Turtle.	Vermicelli.	Gravy.
FISH.		
Lobster-sauce.	Turbot.	Lobster Sauce.
Fried Eels.	Salmon.	Fried Eels.
	John Dorè.	E

JOINTS.

Haunch of Venison.

Baron of Beef.

POULTRY.

Cotelettes
Maintenon.

Turkey, boiled.

Sweetbread.

Goose.

Ducks. Ducks.

GAME.

Partridges.

Hares.

Grouse.

Black Cock.

Pastry.

Parmesan.

Pastry.

DESSERT.

Pines.

Grapes.

Oranges.

Almonds and Raisins.

WINES.

Chablis.

Madeira.

Champagne.

Hock.

Port, in glass.

Claret.

Claret.

Claret.

This will be found, perhaps, a little too much for moderate incomes: if so, a joint of roast beef and half-and-half is not by any means bad.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR JOINTS AND PASTRY AT DINNER. —
A glass of water and a toothpick.

HINTS TO DINERS-OUT.

Never take the head nor the end of the table, as then, in all probability, you will have something to carve. Look out for a place opposite which there is some ornament, because then you will have nobody to help but yourself. Get near the carver on his right hand, as that side is usually helped first. Always ask for one dish while you are eating another, because that ensures a good supply, and prevents loss of time. Avoid taking wine too early; and, above all things, do not talk until you have almost finished eating; then rattle away a little—it will aid digestion, and, perhaps, assist to a renewed attack.

CAUTIONS TO CARVERS.

Never serve round the tit-bits at once, or you may not have

any for yourself. If possible, carve upon the dish in which the joint is served. Do not splash the gravy about, if you can help it; but if you do so, lay the blame on the carving-knife. Always cut fish with a knife, because it gives it a flavour. In asking a lady if she chooses any more, don't ask her if "she'll have another shy at the meat." If you are carving your own poultry or joint, always cut very small pieces, by which means you will save considerably, as the parties so helped will be ashamed to make too frequent application for more.

A GLASS OF HALF-AND-HALF FROM HELICON.

Mr. Leigh Hunt some few years ago contributed some papers to a Magazine, entitled a "Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla," wherein he hit upon the plan of making a book by extracts from the poets; thus forming the honey, and giving his own criticism thereon, which, fine and genial as it was, must be reckoned as the bread upon which the honey was to be devoured. The writer of the following need not say that he admires the plan, for he has endeavoured to improve upon it. Like the squire of "Hudibras," whose

" ——— name was Ralph,
Who in th' adventure went one half,"

he has determined to go halves in some adventure of the sort. He has formed a pathetic tale of which every other line is a well-known quotation, whilst those intervening are his own. He rests satisfied that he shall establish his fame thereby, for critics cannot object to a poem every second line of which is of an acknowledged beauty.

"Where London's column points unto the skies,"¹
Just at the corner where the cookshop lies;
There bred, 'midst chimes of beef and pudding-ends,
"The lovely young Lavinia once had friends."²
Lavinia, loved by Potts of Drury-lane,
"Who, lulled by zephyrs through the broken pane,"³
Court'd the Muse for Moses, Son, and Co.;
"Lord of Himself that Heritage of Woe."⁴

¹ Pope on Sir Balaam.

² Thomson's Palemon and Lavinia.

³ Pope, on his enemy.

⁴ My Lord Byron on himself.

" 'Tis pleasure sure to see oneself in print,"⁵
 And Potts had pleasure, he was always in 't :
 " Was there a parson much bemused in beer,"⁶
 Who broke his neck adown the pulpit stair ;
 " Crape and cocked pistol, and the whistling ball,"⁷
 Straight came the Muse, our poet rhymed on all,
 And with these Moses' virtues he 'd rehearse
 " By the sweet magic of harmonious verse."⁸
 Yet though so well instructed in the school
 " To please by measure, and instruct by rule,"⁹
 Our Potts was poor, though patrons good in will
 " Have wished the man a dinner, and sat still,"¹⁰
 And when one wants a dinner he looks blue,
 " Though distance lends enchantment to the view ;"¹¹
 Nor feels content when meals are grown, I ween,
 " Like angels' visits, few and far between."¹²
 " God help the man condemned by cruel fate"¹³
 For breakfast, dinner, and his tea to wait.
 Such fate was Potts' : November's foggy ray
 " But dimly showed the state in which he lay"¹⁴
 Gasping and praying, begging, still he 'd weep,
 " Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep ;"¹⁵
 And said, when of it he could get no mite,
 " 'Tis but a night, a long and dreamless night ;"¹⁶
 And yet, alas ! I've nought t' employ digestion,
 " To be or not to be, that is the question."¹⁷
 Why was I born, alas ! to weep and say
 " Sad was the hour and luckless was the day ;"¹⁸
 But soon I feel, full soon shall I depart,
 " Dim burns the soul and throbs the fluttering heart,"¹⁹
 Ah ! why not born to coronet and lace,
 " The tenth transmitter of a foolish face ;"²⁰

⁵ Byron's English Bards.

⁶ Pope's Imitations of Horace.

⁷ Cowper.

⁸ Akenside, Pleasures of Imagination.

⁹ Johnson's Drury Lane Prologue.

¹⁰ Pope on the Critic Dennis.

¹¹ Campbell, Pleasures of Hope.

¹² Norris of Bemerton ; stolen first by Blair, and then from Blair by that arch-thief Tom Campbell.

¹³ Churchill's Satires.

¹⁴ Goldsmith.

¹⁵ Young's Night Thoughts.

¹⁶ Blair, The Grave.

¹⁷ An unknown poet named Shakespere ; the author begs to apologise for using an *unknown* line.

¹⁸ Collins' Persian Odes.

¹⁹ John Clare.

²⁰ Richard Savage, The Bastard.

THE SIAMESE TWINS



THE NEW SIAMESE TWINS.

Or squire inheriting substantial board,
 " Fat as a pigge and stupid as a lorde;"²¹
 Or buck with heart as empty as his pate,
 " Lax in his gaiters, laxer in his gait:"²²
 Ah! could I but escape this luckless time,
 " I'd leave the wicked barren way of rhyme,"²³
 And——but he faints, and as in vision sees
 " Heaven in her eye, and in her hands her keys;"²⁴
 His fair Lavinia, carving juicy beef,
 " Oh, fair and beauteous; beauteous past belief:"²⁵
 This was too much: he could not bear the smart,
 " But heaved a sigh, which broke his honest heart;"²⁶
 Thus will we leave our Potts, and end our tale,
 " In his last stage death-struck and deadly pale."²⁷

THE NEW SIAMESE TWINS.

A CHAPTER CONTRIBUTED BY RABELAIS IN THE SHADES.

How Panurge descried and describes a curious child-giant who inhabited the lands of Bullfrog.

The lands of Bullfrog, which were the pleasantest lands in the world, consisted of an island and a large portion of the continent between which a channel dedicated to St. George ran. The lands were inhabited by a curious giant or giants, formed of two complete men, united strongly by a fleshy band, to which the doctors gave the name of *entente cordiale*.

Notwithstanding this bond, which had but lately grown between these giants, the two separate bodies were, when children, rare enemies, good fighters, wondrous swash-bucklers, immense bullies. The child Bull was for ever putting himself in a fume against the boy Crapeaud. "By the Bells of St. Paul, by St. George the Martyr, Cardinal Wiseman, and the Bishop of London, that boy Crapeaud will be stepping across my stream some of these days, and stealing my trinkets. He loves roast beef. He will jump from his land of Frog to my land of Bulls; for it was one of this boy's methods of irritating his neighbour, to suppose that he alone could eat and breed

²¹ Satires by Dr. Donne.

²² Horace Smith, Rejected Addresses.

²³ Chatterton (we think) in his Address to the City.

²⁴ Crabbe, Tales, The Widow Goe.

²⁵ Bulwer, New Timon.

²⁶ Beaumont and Fletcher.

²⁷ Rogers' Italy.

beef, and stuff and eat puddings — but I'll twinge thee, Crapeaud, I'll twinge thee."

The boy Crapeaud, who was a bold boy, and who perhaps had no idea of stepping across the stream, would hereon fire up. "By Notre Dame, St. Sulpice, St. Bonaparte's ribs, and the Holy Poker of Amiens, I'm for you, John. I'll get thee down some day and pummel thee." What would you have, bullies? To it they went. They banged, beat, stuck, kicked, killed, shot, flayed, blew up alive, roasted, hung, quartered each other and each other's people. Bull would perhaps end in landing in Frog land, but latterly they went to fight it out upon some neighbour's field. They had more fights than I can mention. At Cressy, Agincourt, Poitiers, Ramillies, Malplaquet, Blenheim, Flanders, Saragossa, Corunna, Ciudad Rodrigo, Salamanca, Vittoria, the Pyrenees, Quatre Bras, Waterloo, these are not a third; besides this, these troublesome fellows, as if they could not have enough by land, put to sea, and assailed each other with big guns, bombs, cannon, stinkpots, hand-grenades, devils, boiled pitch, sulphur, smoke, cutlasses, pikes, grappling irons, billets of wood, lumps of lead, powder magazines, red hot balls, rockets, and a hundred other of the devil's contrivances. Sometimes one beat, sometimes the other; both often claimed the victory; and by St. James there was no skulking on either side: hand to hand, foot to foot, breast to breast, fist to fist, eye flashing into eye, pull devil pull baker, at it John, to him Crapeaud—'twas worth while to see them fight.

At last, when they were well nigh exhausted with this tussling, slapping, hitting, sticking, poking, choking, fisticuff, sword-sticking work, they agreed to desist, and it was then that the bond grew up between them. Crapeaud was a high-spirited gentleman, and had the best wines in the world. "*A votre santé, Boule!*" he would cry; "Troll me a bowl, Johnny." "Odds fish!" cried John, who, to do him justice, had the best temper in the world, "if I drink thy wine, here's ale and beef for thee, boy; and what say you to this present of hardware and crockery." "By the belly of the Pope's bull!" returned Crapeaud, "they are thoroughly good. Here, Boule, take these gloves and silks." "By Jingo and St. George," said Bull smoking, "the silks I make none such as these, but here's some calicoes and printed stuffs; here's knives, swords, and guns; here's toys, thread, stockings, and broad cloth."

"Hey!" said Crapeaud, "are you at that game; let the

bond grow." So the bond grew between the giants; Bull, on his part, had an enormous appetite, he was for ever drinking and eating; in one year he swallowed no less than eight million bottles of Crapeaud's wines, three hundred thousand of his gallons of brandy; and clothed his wives and children in Crapeaud's silks as fast as he could make them. On his side, Crapeaud took as much from Bull; silks from Spitalfields, for he absolutely thought Bull made silks as well as he; threads, stockings, guns, gloves, carriages, bulls, of which John had a fine breed, cows, sheep, porter, beer, ale, and, bless me! enough to fill my whole book, should I write them. The best of it was, the more they eat the more they wanted; they grew fat and powerful; and, at one time, their old spirit came on them—John fancied Crapeaud was coming to beat him, and made a try at the bond, but it held fast; and about that time another great giant in the North, bullying a smaller person, John and Johnny turned too, and gave him such a thrashing that he remembers it to this day.

And since that the bond grew stronger, and John and Johnny, seeing how the land of Bullfrog flourished, determined to make it perpetual. Let us hope they will succeed: and so farewell, bully reader.

THE "EARLY" BEER ACT.

A SMALL DRAMA, IN A TREMENDOUS SCENE, AND ONE SHAMEFUL ACT,
(THAT IS IN THE OPINIONS OF THE PUBLICANS.)

SCENE—*A public walk, very far from a public-house. Time Evening, 30 minutes past nine. Enter two "lovers," John Thomas and Louisa Jones.*

Louisa (blushing). In seven days, then, we shall married be.

J. T. (impetuously). Years! years, Louisa. Lovers' calendars Should reckon minutes days, and days long years,
When Time, that envious gaoler o'er young hearts,
Doth keep them from each other separate.

[*Here he violently slaps his waistcoat.*]

Louisa. Then years, John Thomas; yes, methinks 'tis years.
When we are married, wilt thou, Thomas John—
I but repeat a simple melody
Which on my piccolo lieth loose at home—
Wilt thou, John Thomas, love me then as now?

[*Music. Lady hums a popular ballad.*]

John T. The raven's voice is nothing like the dove's,

And it is now the sacred day of rest,
 Else would I sing, "Dearest, I'll love thee more;"
 But since I cannot sing, I'll swear it, Loo,
 And kiss the red bound volume of thy soul,
 Thy velvet lips, in witness. *[Kisses her, and is applauded.]*

Louisa. Nay, prythee—some one comes; nay, 'tis the wind.
 Ah, me! beguiling ever are your words;
 Yet women say, men do not love us truly,
 And when alone, speak ill and slander us.

[John T. looks hurt, slaps his forehead, and like a modern hero, begins to praise himself.]

Nay, nay, Louisa; by my faith, I never
 A moment entertained a thought 'gainst woman,
 Which tended to her ill: most other men
 Her virtues scan with a very microscope,
 As they were never able to be seen
 By the naked eye; and her few failings
 They multiply to many; rear her faults
 To giant height; cry out against her virtues,
 When 'tis themselves have none. Can they deny
 Affection to a woman? Take away
 Her patience, perseverance, length of love?
 Patience in bearing insult, slight, or wrong
 From the very one who in the wide world
 Ought to have guarded her. What man's love
 Equals a mother's? What man's charity
 Gives largely as a woman's? What man's heart
 Is so wrapt up in hard and shining steel,
 That he would face danger or death more freely
 Than would a woman for a man she loves?
 Have men more constancy—less fickleness?
 They may have less of fear, timidity,
 Because these last are nature in a woman,
 And nature's beauty's self. O coward heart!
 O foolish, inexperienced, puffed up brain!
 To rail against a woman; when to men
 They are as is that pure bright evening star,
 Withdrawing now itself, from our gaze
 Now reappearing,
 Far, far, above,—sparkling, and bright, and pure!

[Strikes an attitude. Immense applause from the partizans of "lovely woman." N.B. Should any lady wish to send the interesting young Editor a pair of slippers, our publisher knows his address.]

Louisa. John Thomas, it is sweet to hear thee talk.

J. T. (who has ceased from "taking" the stage.)

And sweet it is to me, O dearest one,
To hear *thee* talk. Oh, I could dote on thee,
And wait on thee, sweetest, as patiently
As yonder twinkling star the lady moon!
Thou art as pure, as bright
(*Clock strikes*)——But hark! that bell!



Louisa. Indeed, time flies; it doth a quarter want
To ten o'clock.

J. T. (hurriedly). I must away; the public-house will shut,
And I be done out of my nightly beer.

Louisa. Ah me! how cruel.

J. T. (wildly). Fare thee, fare thee well!
They shall not rob me of my half-and-half;
My beer, my beer, I will not lose my beer!

[*Rushes frantically away. Louisa, seeking to detain him, falls, as well as the curtain.*]

A PAPER UPON PUNS,

BY PUNSIBI PONSOBY, Esq., P.P.P. (I. E., THAT'S HE), PUNSTER
PRACTICAL AND PIRATICAL.

To the Reader.

If thou art gifted with the sublime and ingenious faculty of punning, which a great author on the subject has defined to be "The art of harmonious jingling, which, passing in at the ears and falling upon the diaphragma, excites a titillary motion on those parts, which being conveyed by the animal spirits into the muscles of the face, raises the cockles of the heart," thou wilt read and digest this digest, and not be *punctilious* over a poor pun, where a good many are many good. Therefore, read on; borrow if thou likest, perge puer: it will purge ye of melancholy and be good for your soul.

If, on the *contrary*, you are not able, *con trahere*, to draw together words so that they may make a pun, and therefore, being dull yourself, edge your wits so as not to be witless; hating punsters when a *pun stirs*, and seeing punishment where a *pun is meant*, you will only abuse instead of use; therefore do not read any more, except Hannah More, or you will, instead of finding a source of amusement, get into a pickle, and treat the author with your Reading sauce.

Puns, the sauce of wit, are from various sources; the most pungent person in conversation is the pun gent, which person purrs on with his talk like a cat in a good humour, but not puss and all or personal. Catechumens are hereby informed by their ears, that the following is a categorical catalogue placed in regular catenation. The author being the first who wrote a line about it, hopes hereafter to be called the Linnæus of Punsters.

1. THE FIRST PUN IS THE PUN NATURAL.—This pun is generally made upon a monosyllable, although some Scotch punsters declare there may be mony syllables, yet the single syllable is the least singular. Thus, an irreligious gentleman who, not being a *fast* man, wanted some wine upon a fast day, and calling at a tavern, was told from the window that the publican and his wife had gone to church, "Hang 'em," said the profane wretch, "let them fast themselves, but they need not make their door *fast* too." The pun natural

may also be found in the distich on Norfolk Street, Strand, where many lawyers live:—

“Fly, honesty, fly! to a safer retreat,
For there's *craft* in the river and *craft* in the street.”

2. THE PUN DOUBLE is on a dissyllable, thus: Why are dissenters like earwigs? Because they are *in sects*. Next follows the

3 PUN TREBLE, which is only used by very good punsters, thus: Why is a quartern of lighted brandy like a bird? Because it's a *flaming go*. What Grecian general does the toothache resemble? *A-kill-ease*.

4. THE PUN LEARNED.—This pun is only to be let off in certain company, and consists in showing knowledge, classical, profane, worldly, or lingual. A person having a slight command of French may do little, but he who knows French, Latin, Italian, German, and Greek, may take a poor word and course it to death, following it with a *fieri facias*, or fiery face, through the various languages, like a police officer can a thief into different counties. When the lady threw down a fiddle with her mantua, it is upon every punster's record that Dean Swift cried out—

“*Mantua, vae! miseræ nimium vicina cremonæ!*”

when a less learned punster would have talked about the “lady's fall,” the “*sweeping* censure on *music*,” or have done *violence* on the *violin*, and thus, although a pun would have been made, we should have lost the *cream on her*. “Fiddle de dee,” says another, and so on.

5. THE PUN ECCENTRIC.—This is nearly related to the pun learned, and may consist of translations, and curious and strained pronunciations, thus: Two punsters walking through a field full of cattle, one of them declared he was in the Isle of Wight, since they were near Cowes. “Well,” cries the other, “your puns need it, for they certainly get from *vache* to *vache*,” the poor creature intending worse and worse. We may also include that translation of “*Collegisse juvat*,” it is pleasant to be at college; and that of the motto on a wedding ring, “*Qui dedit se dedit*,” he did it, she did it, &c., &c.

6. THE PUN SIMPLE, nearly related to the pun natural. Any one may make this: a lass, and alas; a mute and *émeute*; bear and beer; a pier, appear, and a peer, &c., &c., are all

susceptible of the pun simple; learners are recommended to get such words by heart.

7. THE TWISTED PUN, OR PUN UPON SOUND.—This class requires not only ingenuity, but patience, to make; and when made, is frequently bad; when good, it, as one says of wine, *is good*. Thus: Why would a gentleman getting into a full omnibus mention, if he did not want to stumble, a great general? Because he would call out "*All-legs-under*" (Alexander). Why are the Jews like the ancient Italians? Because they are *Populi Romanos* (a Roman-nosed people). Lastly, I may mention that made by the parson to the Cromwellian colonel, who asked him to rhyme to "*hydrops, nocthycorax, thorax et mascula vervex*," he doing it by "*Land-tax and army-tax, excise and General Fairfax*," which fair facts at once silenced the colonel.

8. THE PUN HERALDIC, OR MOTTO PUN.—This pun is indulged in by serious people, who imagine that it is noble. It is called in Heraldry, very properly, "*canting*." Thus, the Temples have "*Templa quam dilecta*;" the Cavendishes, "*Cavendo tutus*;" the Fairfaxes, "*Fare fac*;" the Vernons, "*Ver—non semper viret*," and so on. We give this to show that serious people pun.

9. THE TRADE PUN.—Thus a publican will be brought to his "*bier*," a cobbler will *all end* with his *last*, and *wax* wroth unto *his sole*; a bookseller is *bound* to his trade; a butcher, a *shambling* fellow, &c.

10. THE BRAZEN-FACED PUN is generally very old, and the brass lies in the face of the maker; thus, directly the cruet is placed on table, one may begin by begging the question, by bringing in mustard and mustered; he may then go on to pepper, and, finally, assault the whole company with bad puns. One who deals in these may console himself by the reflection that there is no pun but has been many times made. Another method is to fix upon a word, make a string of puns on it, and then boldly pull it into the conversation when you can let off your pun.

This is the last rule we shall give, there being, certainly, enough to set anyone up for a professional punster, whereby, if he be lucky, he can make at least tenpence a week and earn, like many a martyr to a cause, the general contempt of the company he goes into.

A FÊTE IN THE FUTURE;

OR, A FUTURE FATE OF ST. PATRICK.

An ode due on the 17th of March, but paid afterwards by ZADKIEL.
 N.B.—The illustrious author has not attempted to put the slightest sense in this production, for if he did so, it would not in any degree resemble those he seeks to imitate.

Oh, whack fol de rol, St. Pathrick me jewel,
 Whack fol de rol, oh cush la macree!
 Wid yer brogue and yer whiskey, now isn't ya frisky?
 Ye'll not let us lose our spirits, St. Paddy d'ye see.
 Thin whack fol de rol, &c.

[*The singer here bursts into a howl, expressive of Irish dislike to teetotallers.*]



Och, isn't it jolly, through dhrinking is folly,
 To pour down your throttle some stinging potheen;
 Myself I will throttle win I can't get a bottle,
 And be but a rogue and a blackguard spalpeen.
 Thin whack fol de rol, &c.

[*The singer should here knock the sole of his shoe in a violent manner with his shillalah.*]

Oh, Judith, me darling! for St. Pathrick I'm bawling;
 I'm crying, I'm howling, I'm jowling, I'm dead!
 The spirits they'll slaughter, and nothing but water
 They'll lave us to pour in the top of our head.
 Thin whack fol de rol, &c.

[*The singer, contemplating the future fête, should here cry.*]

Oh, St. Pathrick, who banished, the toads they have vanished
 From our swate little island since they heard yer row ;
 Oh, bring back our sperrits, 'tis what we inherits,
 And banish the varmint teetotallers now.

Thin whack fol de rol, &c.

*[Becoming excited, he shakes his fist at a copy of
 John Cassell's paper.]*

What the jence won't ye do it?—St. Pathrick ye'll rue it,
 For I won't live no longer thin under yer rule ;
 Dhrink water ! oh, nivir ; ye're, p'raps, very clivir,
 It's me own mother's son that ye take for a fool?

Singing, whack fol de rol, &c.

*[The singer here flourishes his stick, and himself, and
 kicks up a philaloo.]*

I'll lave the swate island, by the journey that's by land ;
 I'll cut my last stick, and I'll grease my last brogue,
 From ould Ireland I'll shrink, if ye cut off my drink,
 And I'll call each teetotalling fellow a rogue.

Thin whack fol de rol, &c.

*[He is amazingly excited at this, and takes off his
 coat, and drags it on the ground, begging some
 one to "thread on it."]*

Then, farewell, St. Pathrick, since you're playing that trick,
 I'll lave ye for ever wid out e'er a sigh ;
 And I wish ye, when thinking, to squench thirst by drinking,
 To get drowned in an ocean of water that's dry.

Thin whack fol de rol, &c.

*[Having perpetrated this bull, the singer thinks his cha-
 racter established, and cuts a triumphant caper.]*



ZADKIEL STUDIES THE STARS.

EXPLANATION OF THE TERMS OF THE CALENDAR.

The principal articles in the calendar, we do not mean in the "Comic Zadkiel," all the articles of that excellent publication being principal, are generally stated to be the

Golden Number	13	Dominical Letter	G
Epact	12	Roman Indiction	31
Solar Cycle	16	Julian Period	6568

Besides these, there are the "Jewish Era," "The Ramadan Month of Turkish Abstinence," and the Mohammedan Era.

Before Zadkiel set up in the almanack business himself, and commenced calculating like a young Babbage, upon the calculations of others, he used to wonder what could be the use of the Epact to any one, and whether it was something to eat or to wear. Also whether the solar cycle was not a newly invented reaping machine. He has, indeed, since learned to

spell, that the machine with which they cut cereal crops is not a "cycle," but a sickle; but how was he to know that? As nobody uses these exploded affairs, he advises other almanac-makers to do as he does, and leave them out; but before quite overlooking them, he proposes to give some explanation of them.

The golden number, he presumes, is the lucky number in a German state lottery, by which people win such a great deal, and advertisements of which may be seen in the provincial and foreign papers. He don't know why they publish it, unless, as they are known to be such story-tellers that nobody believes them, they thereby hinder any one from buying it.

The Epact still puzzles Zadkiel. Some talk about its being the eleven days of the solar above the lunar year; but he knows more of lunar caustic than he does of the lunar year; nor is he *solus*, instead of being solar. Some old ladies tell him it is an agreement according to Jewish measure; but as a compact is an agreement, and not an "epact," he thinks their brains are, like his own, slightly muddled as to the affair. In short, he intends to let the epact be packed away for the present. A correspondent has told him that it is a new kind of hat, but he is not inclined to believe it.

"The Solar Cycle" means something about the revolution of the sun, but as it is very unfilial of any son to join in any revolution against his governor, and as especially every conservative who keeps what he can get, and lets nobody else get anything, is opposed to revolutions, he won't say any more about it.

The Dominical Letter occurs next. Puzzled beyond expression, the editor has turned over repeated dictionaries for an elucidation of this term. But, in the vulgar but expressive London phrase, it was all Walker with Johnson as regarded it. Dominical he certainly found referred to Sunday, and he therefore presumed that the letters alluded to were those delivered upon Sunday in the country, to which the Sabbatarians put an end for a short time. He hastens, post haste, to give this postal explanation: should any one more probable turn up posterior to this going to press, he will correct himself in our second edition.

The Roman Indiction he presumes to relate to two periods. The first, perhaps, when the Pope indicted John King of England (and sent over Cardinal Pandulf), about the year

1207 : the second, when Cardinal Wiseman came over in 1852, and ought to have been indicted as a public nuisance. As the Roman indiction is mentioned in almanacs previously to the recent papal aggression, Zadkiel is of opinion that the former aggression is alluded to.

The Julian period, which some benighted individuals attribute to Julius Cæsar—that potentate having, at one time, edited an almanac—Zadkiel unhesitatingly declares to be nothing less than the four or five weeks in the autumn, when Monsieur Jullien gives his immensely popular concerts. Sometimes the “period” has for its *locus in quo* Drury Lane, or it may be the Surrey Gardens. Sometimes, on the contrary, the eminent composer has a concert in New York. The period varies in extent, and is, we believe, very much dependent upon the manner in which the shillings which people pay for admission come in.

The Jewish hero, or Era (there must be something wrong in the spelling, perhaps a phonetic attempt), is undoubtedly Baron Rothschild, who, after a most heroic perseverance, and also an enormous expense, is not allowed to sit in the House.

As for the Mohammedan Era, or hero (again we correct the spelling), Omar Pacha has indubitably the best right to that name this year, and that there’s the reason why we put him there.

The Ramadan, or month of abstinence, will probably be much better explained by our friends Messrs. George Cruikshank and J. B. Gough, the Teetotallers, than any of us. As the Turks are represented never to drink wine, but to always addict themselves to water, perhaps the month of abstinence is the time whereon they abstain from water and get drunk; but as Zadkiel is strictly temperate, except in his success, he begs to leave both drunkenness and teetotalism, the opposite extremes, in the hands of those better able to deal with them.

OUR PATENT WEATHER GUIDE.

BY WHICH ANYBODY MAY WEATHER THE STORM, AND AFTERWARDS
STORM AT THE WEATHER.

Men and animals are sensibly affected by the weather. Men are generally sulky, and if Englishmen they grumble.

F

Corns begin to shoot at the approach of wet, and if the boots are very old, will soon get through them. To tell when wet is approaching, you have, if in London, only to look out of your window a sufficiently long period to see if people put up their umbrellas; it is of no use consulting a barometer, statistics of such things have proved that, of thirty-nine barometers, *thirty* were out of order, the hands of *six* would run round all manner of ways when the barometer was tapped, and the owners of *three* did not know how to manage them. Nevertheless a country gentleman's mansion is not complete without one, but he is hereby warned not to trust it.

PROGNOSTICS

To be drawn from the appearance of the Sun.

When you can see the sun in London, it may be reckoned fine weather.

It is a sign of rain when you see small spots of wet descending from the clouds. If these spots are frequent, and descend with the frequency and impetus of a shower-bath, it may be as well to borrow a friend's umbrella.

If doubtful about the rain, carrying an old gingham umbrella, as hath been often observed, at once makes set fine. N.B.—The gingham should be borrowed, as, when there is no doubt of the day, you can leave it behind you and continue your journey.

PROGNOSTICS

To be drawn from the Moon.

If the weather is wet when the moon is new, there is a great question whether she will change it, moons not being like the Queen of Spain, fond of new favourites.

If you see the horns of the moon, you may at once deem that the clouds will be tossed about.

If the moon's disk should be clear, you may presume the weather will be fair, because the moon, being feminine, only shows her face in fair weather. Besides these infallible rules, there are some others comprehended in a small rhyme. We will quote them, but we have no idea whether they are right or no. We heard them from an old woman, and her memory was not very good:—

During dry, if the moon should be blue
Three days after the sun will be new.
During wet, if the moon should renew,
Get out your umbrellas, for wet you will rue.

As the moon changes but not the sun, and as "blue" moons are fictitious, we presume that some little mistake is made here, but it may be of use to our subscribers.

COLD WEATHER.

A sure sign of cold weather is when your toes are frozen, your nose is blue, you can't button your gloves, your teeth chatter and ache, your ears feel as if they belonged to somebody else, and your legs feel about as thin as a mopstick. This sign is infallible.

When the birds assemble in flocks, and are so tame that they come down the chimney to warm themselves.

When the fall of the leaf is late. This alludes to the leaves of trees, and not to the leaf of your cheap furniture dining table: if that were to fall at twelve at night in July, you need not expect cold weather, or you might be mistaken.

PROGNOSTICS OF WIND.

When your hat is blown off.

When your umbrella is turned inside out.

When the skirts of your coat are blown away.

When the false ringlets of your wife disappear over the house-tops.

When the lamp-posts are bent double by the wind.

When the stars shoot about as if they were blown out of the sky.

When the tiles are blown off houses, and lodged upon the heads of the passers by.

When haystacks are carried out of one farmer's homestead into that of another.

When the Monument is seen to rock in the wind.

With these observations, which any who so chooses may test the truth of by personal observation, we leave the weather guide in the hands and heads of our readers.

NATIVITY OF NICHOLAS OF RUSSIA.

PLANETS' PLACES ON THE DAY OF HIS BIRTH, 7TH JULY, 1796.

☉	☽	♂	♂	♂	♂	♂
Born 1796.	Paul murdered. 1800.	Crowned 1825.	Navarino 1827.	Warsaw sacked 1831.	Holy Places 1853.	Tremendous extinction 1856.

The moon applying to the quartile of Mars at the time of the Czar's birth, is indicative that the star of the Czars, or the Czar's star, is in the descendant; the effect which the British guns have had upon the Czar's tars, show also that he must be subject to certain dis-czars-tars, or disasters. It appears, also, that the trine of Jupiter, in conjunction with the moon, showed that the native would be incessant in "trying on" plots against the crescent. Mercury in conjunction with Herschell, who were both very much influenced by our shell (which we presented at Bomarsund), seemed for some time to show that his diplomacy should succeed in Turkey, but the lesson which he received on the Turkish frontiers, seen by Europe from the frontiers of the boxes of the Theatre of War, proved to him that the sick man was not so very ill, although he presumed to ill-treat him, and evidently wished to assure him a "*sic item ad astra*." Whether he was an accomplice of Count Pahlen in the appalling murder of Paul, which some historians have said, we leave to those wiser than wizards to say, but as he was only four years of age at the time, we must add, that if so, it was an early exercise of "plots in petticoats." If it was he who poisoned Alexander, or Orloff, or whether he ordered Orloff to take all off, and then to take himself off, Satan, or Saturn, only knows. Sagittarius, in 1853, pointed to the holy places, and Menschikoff drew the long bow there at a tremendous rate. Aberdeen being the ass-cendant minister, Johannes Taurus, or John Bull, put up with his designs a great while longer than he should have done, but at last, being aroused, he at once placed Nicholas upon his own peculiar horns, which at once reduced the Czar to a dilemma. The last planet upon our horoscope, Taurus, is very hostile to

Ursa, or to his say either ; and the year 1856 will be fatal to Nicholas, the upshot of this royal reprobate being his entire downfall, so that, like the dog in the fable with plenty of meat in his mouth, snatching after a reflection, which is unusual to dogs, of a larger piece, as was meet he should, he lost his peace of mind, through not minding his piece, dropped his material guarantee, and got nothing but a shadow ; under which, after that period, Nicholas will rest. Sensible of this—incensed at his folly—we, the censors of the press, with an alteration of the sense of the phrase, fervently hope that

THAT SHADOW MAY NEVER GROW LESS.

ABERDEEN'S HOROSCOPE.

☉ ☿	♂ ♀	♂ ♀	♂ ♀	♂ ♀	♂ ♀
Born	M. A.	Member	Agst. Reform	PEEL	Place
1784	1840	1814	1830	1841	1854

Zadkiel would not be worthy of the name of the prophet of prophets (not excepting the profits of Messrs. Moses and Sons), if he did not give at least two horoscopes. He, at once, therefore, has a shy at Aberdeen, with whom he should not mind playing "one, two, three" (without any gloves), and with somebody near to see fair play.

The trine of Jupiter being near the Moon at his birth, showed that Aberdeen would be born in trine (or trying) times. The (h)arrowing sign of Sagittarius, showed also that he knows how to draw the long bow, but it must be said that the conjunction of Mercury makes him a very cunning fellow ; and the conjunction of his being a Scotch peer, and a 'cute fellow, made him M.A. when at Cambridge, which degree, as it was honorary, cannot in any degree show his learning. The conjunction of Libra portended, that although scaly himself, he would still try to hold the balance of power ; and the trine of Aries and Uranus (or you're-in-us), foretold that, with Peel, he would bring in the new police. Venus has been entirely absent from Aberdeen ; but as she is a laughter-loving planet, and as Aberdeen is quite the reverse, we need not wonder at it. The

conjunction of the planet Beelzebub with Metternich, joined with the star of Aberdeen, made those persons very good friends, and it is as Metternich's pupil, the friend of Austria, and the admirer of Nicholas of Russia, that we must look at the subject of our paper. .

There was a great deal of opposition in the position of the stars when our subject was born; and it is to be hoped that he will go into opposition again. As he founded the Athenian Club, it is not to be wondered that he is often in Greece; but what he delights in most is Russian tallow. He will swallow any amount of cajolery or dishonour from his "friend." He believes in the sick man. In 1830, the planet Cancer culminating, and the people cut the cancer of corruption out of the breast of England; but, in 1854, Cancer was again in the ascendant, and John Bull grew crabbed. In 1854, Aberdeen, then entering the first, or upper house, permitted his colleague Russell to bring in Reform, upon the solemn promise of the latter that he did not mean to do anything with it. Of course, "Reform" sunk into a decline, and the planet Mars was in the ascendant so strongly that the people let poor Reform die.

The latter part of the life of Aberdeen has been crossed by Ursa Major, or the Russian bear, with whom he has long been in strict conjunction. He defends his friend, and plays his game beautifully, and has a knack of placing British troops opposed to Nicholas, in a place where they are decimated by disease; but the signs and aspects of the heavens foretell that he will soon be driven from that position which he encumbers, to a retreat which will only be broken by the casual intrusion of feelings of contempt for him, which the people must express, and cannot but feel.

WHY AND BECAUSE: OR, HINTS TO SCIENTIFIC TEACHERS.

The pedagogues of the present day are becoming so decidedly addicted to the *utile*—what sort of *till* that may be any one can guess—that they neglect the *dulce*. Their constant motto has been "*Felix qui potest rerum cognoscere causas*;" which they construe into "He is the cleverest fellow who knows all about everything." But their dealings with air-pumps, frequently turn their pupils into pumps, and create a vacuum in their heads which turn into perfectly exhausted receivers. As

an instance of this, Mr. Zadkiel caught a little boy, brought up upon these principles, and having turned him upside down, elicited the following answers to his queries.

Q. How is it that water ascends?

A. Because—original level—carry it up—in a pail—house-maid.

Q. If a bottle is emptied of water, what fills the vacuum?

A. Sometimes porter, sometimes port,
Perhaps a drop of something "short."

Q. Why, during excessive heats, do we feel weary and uncomfortable?

A. Because if one eats excessively he contracts the pores of his skin out to such an extent, that, the interior air expanding makes him feel tight.

Q. Why does a small body with very little air in it swell in a vacuum?

A. Because small bodies have generally such a vacuum in their heads that they become great swells.

Q. Why does fire burn more ardently in excessively cold weather?

A. Because you put more coals on, stupid.

Q. What causes a fog?

A. Sometimes smoking six in a room; or a man's mind may be in a state of fog, from the results of a party last night; or he may forget all about a debt. If he is very ugly and old, he becomes at once a "fogey."

Q. Why does water ascend in pumps?

A. Don't know that it does; dare say it would go just as high in boots. You would be more likely, though, if you stepped into a puddle to get water in your pumps than in boots.

Q. What is *caloric*?

A. Something to (h)eat.

Q. Why does a blue gown appear green when seen by candle light.

A. Because its dyed.

Q. What is the evening dew?

A. It is of various kinds. One kind of evening "*do*" is going to the opera in full dress, with an order which is not admitted. Another is calling on a friend who gives good suppers and finding him out.

Q. What is an *electric conductor*?

A. The boys in red collars, who get shillings for cab rides from the telegraph office and invariably ride.

Finding our young friend so apt, we offered to engage him to do the prognostics for the weather, or to make small jokes, but he refused; finally we set him to count and calculate the sale of the almanac, but as it takes a very long time to count two millions, although it takes but a moment to write it, we left him at his task, and we expect that he will be grown an old man before he completes his task, and even then will be found—



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